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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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April 29, 1978

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Whittemore on Malcolm Cowley • TRB on E. B. White

Inflation: Here We Go Again

by Robert Lekachman

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TRB

from Washington
April 29, 1978

The Great White Way

Here I get worked up about the absurdities of Washington, and am just prepared to denounce them, when along comes E. B. White who wins a Pulitzer Prize (which he should have received 25 years ago) and my typewriter rattles off into nostalgia. The first time I met E. B. White was at the White House, and he had a stomach ache.

There has been a linkage with White for 40 years, all to my advantage. Henry Ford brought us together. He invented the Model T that stood seven feet high with the top up and that was as incredible to its generation as the solar system (it had a "planetary" transmission, incidentally, that seemed to link it to celestial bodies). I drove one of them down to Washington on a trip that took three days. The temperature was 10 above zero and all we had to protect us as we hurtled along at 25 miles per hour were the snap-on isinglass side curtains and the warmth seeping up through the slits in the floorboards from a red-hot exhaust pipe. (When we shuffled the newspapers with our galoshes we could see the pipe glowing. Don't ask me why the papers didn't catch on fire; I don't know.) When I got to Washington I found I could park the car all day long on the Ellipse behind the White House.

It turned out that E. B. White, a shy young genius, whom I outrank in seniority by one year, had taken a trip across America in his own Model T with a classmate, Howard Cushman, at about the same time I was first driving. Like every member of the cult he learned in no time how many turns to give the grease cup on the elbow joints, how to calculate mileage by inserting a dip-stick in the nine-gallon tank immediately under the front seat (after removing the seat) and how to get the motor started by hand cranking.

I didn't know E. B. White until I submitted a piece to *The New Yorker* in 1936, nine years after the last Model T had come down the production line but when a million or so of the nimble little things were still moving about the countryside. My piece touched White and recalled his store of reminiscences. With my research and his artistry it came out as "Farewell My Lovely" and subsequently infiltrated all the anthologies. There could be no rivalry in such collaboration; first of all White was an essayist unsurpassed in the English-speaking world, and second, we were both serving the same beloved memory, prompting and reminding each other of Model T's little oddities.

In case you haven't cranked one recently this is how it went: "Leave the ignition switch off, proceed to the animal's head, pull the choke (which was a little wire protruding through the radiator) and give the crank two or three nonchalant upward lifts. Then, whistling as though thinking about something else, you would saunter back to the driver's cabin, turn the ignition on, return to the crank, and this time, catching it on the down stroke, give it a quick spin with plenty of That. If this procedure was followed the engine almost always responded—first with a few scattered explosions, then with a tumultuous gunfire, which you checked by racing around to the driver's seat and retarding the throttle. Often, if the emergency brake hadn't been pulled all the way back, the car advanced on you the instant the first explosion occurred and you would hold it back by leaning your weight against it. I can still feel my old Ford nuzzling me at the curb, as though looking for an apple in my pocket."

Things got lively in Washington in December 1941 and White, whom until then I hadn't met, wrote me that he was coming down to do some stuff for *Harper's*. There was war in Europe, our neutrality was giving way, and Japan was invading China. It was Roosevelt's last press conference before Pearl Harbor. As I wrote to my parents right *after* Pearl Harbor, "E. B. White was down last week—how long ago that seems! I showed him around and found him an extraordinarily shy fellow, small, with a stomach trouble that made him nearly pass out at the White House Press conference." As a matter of fact I proposed to take him up to meet FDR behind his big totem-laden desk after the conference, relishing the thought of being the intermediary at such a meeting. But when I took his elbow White rejected forward movement with vehemence. He was feeling ill. In fact this tensely-wrought, fey man could, and did, induce illness at critical social moments through his career (like mounting a platform or receiving a public honor). He amusingly tells of it in his *Letters of E. B. White*.

It is improbable people like E. B. White who lift up the hearts of a nation in time of war and show us why we must nourish artists as we do gunboats. Something was created in the war called the Writers' War Board and in *The New Yorker*'s "Notes and Comment" in the July 3, 1943, issue he noted that it had asked him for a statement on "the Meaning of Democracy." What an opportunity for sententious utterance! "It presumably is our duty to comply with such a request, and it is certainly our pleasure," he wrote in an unsigned rejoinder:

"Surely the Board knows what Democracy is. It is the line that forms on the right. It is the don't in don't shove. It is the hole in the stuffed shirt through which the sawdust slowly trickles; it is the dent in the high hat. Democracy is the recurrent suspicion that more than half of the people are right more than half of the time. It is the feeling of privacy in the voting booths, the feeling of communion in the libraries, the feeling of vitality everywhere. Democracy is a letter to the editor. Democracy is the score at the beginning of the ninth. It is an idea which hasn't been disproved yet, a song the words of which have not gone bad. It's the mustard on the hot dog and the cream in the rationed coffee. Democracy is a request from a War Board, in the middle of a morning in the middle of a war, wanting to know what democracy is."

Young writers, top that. It made FDR roar with delight. It is a mixture of the colloquial and the lustrous so compounded that you don't see how he does it. James Thurber mentioned "those silver and crystal sentences that have a ring of nobody else's sentences," his sensitive ear "that not only notes the louder cosmic rhythms but catches the faintest ticking sounds."

In short, E. B. White could write a note to the milkman that would leap out of print. But if the Pulitzer committee thinks he will step up like a good boy to receive his belated accolade they are, I think, mistaken.

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Correspondence

Go West

To the editors:

It is good to know that your writers realize that there are parts of the country west of the Alleghenies, but Wolf Von Eckardt has restricted himself by not looking farther than Pittsburgh and Columbus in his mention of surviving and restored movie palaces (*TNR*, Apr. 15). Were the Radio City Music Hall to close, the largest theater in the country would be the 4500 seat Fox in St. Louis. Within sight of the Fox is Powell Symphony Hall, originally built in 1925 and operated as the St. Louis Theater until converted into one of the most acoustically and visually appealing concert halls in the country in 1968. How Von Eckardt could miss both the largest of the movie palaces that he could expect to be open as of your publication date *and* miss what may be the best example of the restoration of both the period classicism and functional values of a magnificent theater seems beyond any explanation other than that of severely impaired focus, limiting his powers of review. Were your critic of architecture able to find his way here, I'd be pleased to show him these two good theaters within two blocks of each other, the one truly successful modern monument, the best mosaic work in the country, and offer him a selection of my other personal favorites, all before turning him over to the professional pointers with pride of the AIA.

Thomas Poelker
St. Louis, Missouri

A matter of opinion

To the editors:

Henry Fairlie's article, "Galluping Toward Dead Center" (*TNR*, Apr. 8), taking off from the appearance of a new journal, *Public Opinion*, edited by Ben Wattenberg and myself, argues that poll results are inherently conservative, since the "popular voice generally can be relied on to strengthen conservative attitudes toward war, defense, civil liberties, law 'n' order, race, welfare. . . ." He believes that "most reforms in a democracy have been carried out in the teeth of the popular fear of and resistance to change."

This elitist view of politics which befits a self-described Tory is inaccurate. The public tends, it is true, to be more conservative than the well-educated minority and the political elite on so-called social or non-economic issues, e.g. civil rights, civil liberty, law and order, sexual morality, etc., but it is disposed to be more liberal than the better educated on economic or class related matters, such as government action to reduce unemployment, minimum wages, progressive tax policies, old age pensions, measures to increase opportunity for the poor, etc. The latter set of attitudes, including hostility to big business, explains in large part why the Democrats are the majority party in the country.

Bill Buckley may cite polls regularly in support of his views, but so does Ralph Nader, who recently has repeatedly stressed to Congress that a 1977 Harris Poll found a majority in favor of a Consumer Protection Agency. Whether the public is ahead or behind the political elite and the intelligentsia depends very much on the issue. During the Korean War, Gallup reported a constant majority opposing the war. A majority of the public felt that intervention in Vietnam was a mistake long before their betters did. For many years there has been a consistent huge, if varying, majority, depending on time and on which poll you read, in favor of the Equal Rights Amendment. A majority of the public endorsed the proposition that President Nixon should be impeached by the House so he can be tried by the Senate, months before the House leadership was ready to entertain the idea.

Mr. Fairlie tries to belittle the relevance of polls on an issue such as the Panama Canal treaties, noting that early instant opinions when most people are unacquainted with an issue do not mean much, that they are subject to change as leadership takes up the issue. I cannot help but wonder whether his reading *Public Opinion*'s report of the polls on the treaties contributed to this insight. For when reading page 33 of the March/April first issue, he must have noted that though polls taken in 1976 and early 1977 showed three quarters opposed, by January 1978 Gallup found more people in favor than negative. The polls also revealed, in line with Mr. Fairlie's assumptions, that support of the treaties increased with awareness of the issue.

However one may choose to identify the predominant politics of American Enterprise Institute, the magazine's sponsor, its concern with making the magazine non-partisan should be noted. AEI set up an editorial board which contains persons identified with both parties. I believe there are slightly more Democrats than Republicans. A member of the board whom Mr. Fairlie chose not to mention is Austin Ranney, past president of the American Political Science Association, who as a member of the Democratic Party's Commission on Party Organization in the early 1970s was the principal author of the most important McGovern reforms.

Given that Mr. Fairlie, my favorite British Tory writing in America, flatters me by the statement that I am "one of the most influential thinkers among the neoconservatives," may I add that the only magazine in which I have published as many as two articles reporting on national polling results in the recent years is *TNR*.

Seymour Martin Lipset
Stanford, California

ACLU woes

To the editors:

"Hard Times for the ACLU (*TNR*, Apr. 15) ends with the question: "If the American Civil Liberties Union becomes too busy to stick up for the First Amendment, then who will?"

I want to remind Mr. Mann that the authors of the First Amendment never intended it to mean what the ACLU has stretched it to mean. Not in their farthest idea did "freedom of assembly" mean freedom for a bunch of hoodlums to march through a neighborhood for the sole purpose of provoking the people of that neighborhood.

Harry S. Ehrenreich
Savannah, Georgia

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Cover: Officials of the Berlin Reichsbank carrying baskets of devalued currency during the severe inflation of 1923. Courtesy of The Granger Collection. Article on page 12.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

April 29, 1978

When in Doubt, Dump on Carter

It is hard to pick up a newspaper, foreign or domestic, without encountering the refrain EUROPEANS VIEW CARTER AS WEAK, UNSKILLED LEADER, reports *The Washington Post*. EUROPEANS TO DEVISE RECOVERY PROGRAM WITHOUT A U.S. ROLE, says *The New York Times*. The West German newsmagazine *Die Zeit* says Carter is "a vacillating leader." Evans and Novak claim no one is afraid of him. *The Saturday Review* dubs him "Our Most Ineffectual Postwar President." Brezhnev chimes in with the opinion that he is indecisive and inconsistent on SALT. His approval rating has dropped below 50 percent in the polls. The French seem to have decided that if he won't build the neutron bomb, they will.

The world seems to have invented a new parlor game: When in Doubt, Dump on President Carter. It is played with gusto in Washington and Moscow, in Europe, in Israel, in Congress, by Republicans and Democrats. It has replaced the old pastime of trying to figure out what Carter is up to. It even has replaced the serious business of devising actual solutions to real problems. Don't like it that the Russians and Cubans are mucking around in the Horn of Africa? Nowadays, there's no need to think about what to do. Just say, "Carter's ineffective" and everybody nods. The tendency has even begun to spread within the Carter administration. Ask somebody at the State Department why Carter said this or that and you get eyeballs rolled heavenward. The sniping you read about between State and the National Security Council is a variation on the main theme: When in Doubt, Blame Brzezinski; When in Doubt, Blame Vance. Or Young, or Gelb, or Aaron. It's just assumed by the players that Carter isn't running the show.

We do not deny having played the game a bit ourselves, especially when it was novel, but now it is getting boring; it also could become dangerous if everyone's substitute for analysis and problem-solving is simply to take a crack at Carter. The United States and the Free World really do need a leader, or at least a coordinator, and Carter, for better or worse, is the one we picked. If we Americans decide we want to replace him after one term, we can do it in good time (if we have a better choice), but for a while we had better let up on needless attacks.

This could well begin with Congress, which has made some sort of virtue out of non-cooperation with a president of its own party. The whole world thinks that the United States is weak because of our inability to pass an energy program. Not only does our reputation suffer, but so does our dollar. It is long past time for Congress to stop sneering at Carter's exaggerated claims for his original energy package or at his inexperience with Washington's power levers. It is time for Congress to work out an energy compromise with him, and to do it with dispatch.

There are signs of hope that Congress and the administration can begin to work as though they are branches of the same government. The defeat of emergency farm legislation and passage (at long last) of the Panama Canal treaties show that Congress can respond to presidential leadership, although the

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Panama ratification process was anything but tidy. It is the Senate's responsibility to advise and consent to treaties, and not to negotiate them, but over the past several months the Senate has been acting like a collection of junior secretaries of state, each one dickering with Panama over his own pet reservation. We shudder to think about a repetition of the process after a strategic arms limitation agreement is signed with the Soviet Union. We certainly are not saying that Carter's SALT proposal should be accepted without debate just for the sake of unity and good diplomatic form. However, the debate should be conducted on the merits of US national security and not—as we fear is beginning to happen already—on the basis of "Can you trust Paul Warnke" or "Is Carter tough?" Meanwhile, there are other issues in which Congress should give weight to consistency and coherence in US foreign policy. Do we want a strong NATO? Everyone agrees, we do, but Congress persists in denying modern weapons to Turkey, a NATO member, because of the Cyprus dispute. However, in three years the arms embargo has not brought a Cyprus settlement a whit closer. The administration wants to lift the embargo, and we think Congress should go along.

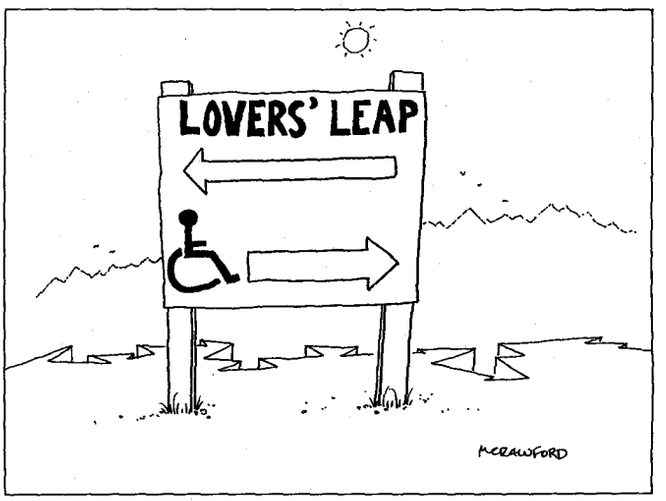
Meantime, America's European allies have a responsibility to bolster President Carter's role as leader of the Western alliance, and not to undermine it. We are aware of their discontents, especially those of West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt. He was right last year to resist Carter's urgings to "reflate" the German economy. Now Carter himself is worried most about inflation, and not about economic recovery. Carter's decision on the neutron warhead was so miserably handled that it would shake any ally's confidence in his judgment. After a careful scenario had been worked out for the NATO allies jointly to call for US production of the weapon and its deployment in Europe, Carter first turned against the weapon—without explaining why—and then was dragged back to a position of using it as a bargaining chip in negotiations with the Soviet Union. We think the weapon is a useful deterrent to a Soviet tank attack in Europe. If the Soviets don't want it deployed, they should either get rid of some of their tanks or stop deploying SS-20 missiles, which are far more destructive than neutron bombs anyway.

Despite his errors, however, Carter has been far more faithful than most of his predecessors about consulting Europe on negotiations with the Soviet Union, and the administration has made the security of Europe and its oil supplies the bulwark of American military policy. In spite of balance of payments deficits and pressure on the dollar, the administration has agreed to increase its commitments to the defense of Europe, even though the US spends a significantly larger part of its gross national product on defense than most of our allies do.

Does Carter have strange, born-again ideas about controlling the spread of nuclear weapons and about human rights? Well, he does. They do not seem very sophisticated to the Europeans, perhaps. But is it better for West Germany to enjoy the profits of nuclear sales to Brazil or to ensure that plutonium does not get into the hands of terrorists? Hasn't Europe enough trouble already with Red Brigades and Baader-Meinhofs, conventionally armed? Instead of ridiculing Carter about his human rights campaign on behalf of Soviet dissidents, the Germans and other Europeans might well have made it effective by joining in.

It is not just the responsibility of Congress and America's allies to help Jimmy Carter. It is primarily Jimmy Carter's responsibility. "When in Doubt, Dump on Carter" did not become a worldwide parlor favorite because people are sadistic or anti-Georgian, but because this administration repeatedly has shown disturbing tendencies toward incoherence and incompetence. However, no actual disasters have occurred. The situation is recoverable. Carter evidently plans staff changes in the White House and wants to improve communication and coordination within the administration. We think he needs help, as well, in conceptualizing. Where is America in relation to the Soviet Union? Where do we want to be? How do we get there? We are not satisfied that Carter and his present advisers have more than vague notions about the East-West conflict which remains the central fact of international relations today. We thought we saw the beginnings of a coherent strategy in Carter's "tough" talk several weeks ago at Winston-Salem, North Carolina. But then the neutron bomb decision indicated that the president had been only talking. We want to support the president. We want him to be supportable.

We are not arguing that the American press or the citizenry or members of Congress or allies should abandon their own beliefs about policy to support Jimmy Carter, or that they should withhold criticism of what he does. But we do think it is time for us all to stop looking for Carter errors as the explanation for all vexing questions. Carter often shoots himself in the foot. His friends don't have to shoot him in the other one.



Drawing by Michael Crawford

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White House Watch

Doing Things Better

A bunch of the boys were sitting around Bob Strauss's Washington office on the afternoon of March 29, talking a little about what was right and mostly about what was wrong at the Carter White House and with the Carter presidency, when the telephone rang. Strauss announced to his guests that Jody Powell was on the line, calling from Venezuela, and would they please excuse him for a moment?

Here we pause for identification. Robert Strauss is President Carter's Special Trade Representative in charge of multilateral trade negotiations and also the President's principal link with the worlds of traditional politics, government and corporate business that Jimmy Carter ran against when he was winning the presidency. Jody Powell is the President's press secretary and when he called he was with Carter in Caracas, the first stop on the President's trip to Latin America and Africa. All but one of the boys in the Strauss office were lawyers. They included James Rowe, who had served on Franklin D. Roosevelt's White House staff; Clark Clifford, who had worked at the Truman White House; Harry McPherson, who had worked at the Johnson White House and written a fascinating book about it; and Lloyd Cutler, who hadn't worked on a presidential staff but for years had been so much a figure on the Washington power scene that he might as well have. The odd layman among the lawyers was Loyd Hackler, a Washington lobbyist who had worked for President Johnson and Texas Senator Lloyd Bentsen and with Strauss as a political consultant when Strauss was treasurer and chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

Strauss, McPherson and Hackler are Texans. Strauss had invited McPherson, Hackler, Clifford, Rowe and Cutler to his office to talk with and at two Carter Georgians, Attorney General Griffin Bell and Bell's former law partner in Atlanta, Charles Kirbo, who has been friend and mentor to Jimmy Carter since the 1960s. The guests other than Bell and Kirbo had been told to come only if they were prepared to talk about the Carter presidency and its failings "with the bark off." Strauss wanted it understood afterward that the purpose was not solely to attack and criticize. It was also, he said, to identify the good work and to convey to Carter, mainly through Kirbo, the perceptions accumulated by the group in Roosevelt's and the later presidencies, including Dwight Eisenhower's. Rowe, Clifford and Cutler as lawyers had dealt with and prospered during Democratic and Republican administrations alike. They and the others were aware and noted in passing that the problems of the presidency had worsened and the game had changed since the time of Roosevelt and even of Lyndon Johnson, when much could be accomplished if you had the necessary rapport with the Sam Rayburns and the Wilbur Millses of the period. Mostly, though, the outsiders welcomed the invitation to talk at Kirbo and Bell with the bark off and they were doing so with enthusiasm when Powell called. There ensued a comedy that explains in good part why Jimmy Carter needs a Strauss and has at last concluded that he'd better recruit a few more pragmatists of the Strauss type for his White House staff.

Strauss informed his guests that Powell had asked him to help with a peculiar problem at the Monrovia airport in Liberia, where Carter and the accompanying press party were to stop on the way home from Nigeria. It appeared that a contractor who was somehow connected with the Ford Motor Company had installed telephones and other communications equipment for press and official use at the Monrovia airport and was threatening to remove the facilities unless he was paid forthwith by the Liberian government. It would be terrible, Strauss said Powell had said, if news accounts of the Carter visit were obstructed and the Liberian government was made to seem ridiculous. *Do something, Bob*, was the gist of the message. Strauss instantly did something, with characteristic grandeur. "Get me Henry Ford," he instructed a secretary. Within minutes Henry Ford II was on the line. Strauss explained the problem to him. There was no communications problem when Carter and his entourage arrived in Liberia. Strauss pretended to feel put upon. "That's the kind of chicken-shit stuff they're always asking me to handle," he told his enthralled guests. It was clear that he was immensely pleased.

After the interruption the guests resumed their critique of the Carter performance. Clark Clifford, cupping his fingertips and speaking with utmost dignity in the manner that television viewers observed when he was defending former budget director Bert Lance before a Senate committee last fall, summarized the basic point at the end of the session, approximately as follows: "Mister Kirbo, the nation for 15 months has been testing the question whether one of the smartest men who has ever occupied the Oval Office, but a man who was totally without federal experience when he was elected to the Presidency, can surround himself with other men who also are almost totally without federal experience, and effectively govern the country." Clifford paused for effect, stared benignly at Kirbo, and softly concluded: "Obviously, the answer to that question is *No*." Kirbo, like Clifford a master of soft words sparsely spoken, said he agreed with some of the criticism that he had heard and disagreed with some of it. He, Bell and Strauss departed for a steak dinner at the Strauss apartment. Afterward the three men and their wives went to a theatre.

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Kirbo was the only non-official who joined Jimmy and Rosalynn Carter, the Carter Cabinet and Carter's senior White House staff on April 15 and 16 at Camp David, the mountain retreat near Washington that Franklin Roosevelt established and bequeathed to his successors. Carter was minded to close Camp David when he took office. He soon decided that it was an adjunct of the imperial presidency that was worth keeping. At the end of the staff and Cabinet sessions Carter sternly ordered all present except Jody Powell to say nothing about what had passed. Most of Powell's public account was so bland as to be worthless. An exception was this statement: "The President pointed out some mistakes he thinks he has made, but he made it damn clear that we've had 15 months now and the shakedown cruise is over."

The gist of what it had taken Jimmy Carter and his people 15 months to learn or anyhow to accept and begin to act upon was best indicated by a few disclosures and actions after the Camp David huddle.

First and most importantly, the President finally agreed with Strauss and with some of his staff assistants that he had to take and privately acknowledge at least a few steps, however grudging, to bring Cabinet and sub-Cabinet officials under better control and, at the White House, to redefine and strengthen the authority of his chief assistant and chief Georgian, Hamilton Jordan. The Cabinet members were told to tell their subordinates the President hereafter expects "reasonable requests" by his senior White House assistants to department and agency bureaucrats to be either heeded as if the instructions came from him or, in event of objection, to be appealed to the department and agency heads. If the cabinet secretaries and other principals object to the White House instructions, the differences are to be appealed first and in most instances only to Hamilton Jordan. Only when Jordan refers them to the President is the President to be bothered with any except the most important issues.

Jordan's area of responsibility is simultaneously deepened and narrowed. His authority to speak and act for the President in the areas reserved to him, foreign and domestic, is to be unquestioned. He is to slough some of his minor responsibilities, particularly for nitty-gritty political matters, to deputies so as to give him time to concentrate on what he and Carter consider to be major matters. Carter probably will never formally acknowledge the foregoing redefinition and grant of authority. Jordan is set to deny that it has occurred. Bob Strauss—with Kirbo the architect of many of the changes—is determined to minimize the reaffirmation and strengthening of Jordan's authority. Why? Mainly because Carter in his campaigns firmly committed himself to "Cabinet government" and against centralized direction within and from the White House. He is loathe to admit error in these respects and Jordan figures that the less said about his authority the more effectively he can exercise it.

In a related departure, specially urged by Strauss, the prestige and authority of Frank Moore, the Georgian who is Carter's chief staff lobbyist, are to be similarly asserted and bolstered. Members of Congress are to be told unmistakably that he speaks for the President and can deal with them for the President, something they have never been sure of, and department and agency lobbyists are being told to work with Moore—or else.

Two and maybe three new senior assistants who don't come from Georgia and—a Georgian assistant joked—have never been in a Baptist church are to be added to the staff. They are to be operators with Washington and national experience and known identities. The first of them is Anne Wexler, a Deputy Undersecretary of Commerce, who in recent years has moved centerward across the Democratic Party spectrum from McCarthy to McGovern to Carter and, in particular, to association with Bob Strauss. She's politically astute and respected, even by party liberals who think of her as a mechanic lacking in principle. The determining assumption is that Wexler is better equipped to rally wide public support for Carter policies than Margaret (Midge) Costanza, the assistant for "public liaison" and until now the only woman on the senior White House staff, has shown herself to be. That's more than a little unfair to Costanza. With her affinity for esoteric factions, she personifies Carter's original conception of a White House open to all sorts of people, politically potent or not.

At a press appearance the afternoon of his return from Camp David, Carter was asked what difference he expected any change to make. "We'll do things better," he answered. They'd better.

John Osborne

Money is the message in the Texas Democratic primary.

Lone Star Struggle

Republican Senator John Tower and his campaign manager disagree about whom they would prefer the Democrats to nominate in the May 6 Texas primary, with the routine political caveat that they are sure to beat either contestant. Tower, one of the Senate's most conservative members, would rather run against the more conservative Democrat, Representative Robert Krueger. Ken Towry, the manager, says he'd prefer to take on the liberal, former state insurance board chairman Joe Christie.

Tower's view is the complicated one, rooted in nearly

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two decades of experience in Texas politics and four previous statewide races. There is no party registration in Texas. If Krueger wins the primary as now seems likely, he'll do so with the support of Tory Democrats and Republicans crossing over to hedge their bets for November. Then, with Republicans returning to the fold and Texas liberals either sitting on their hands or actually voting for Tower out of spite, John Tower would become a fourth-term senator.

Texas liberals have thrown their votes to Tower out of ideological pique twice in the past. In the special election of 1961 to fill out the term of Vice President Lyndon Johnson, the Democrat appointed to the seat was William Blakely, a Dallas oil man and Tower's ideological twin. A conservative Republican would have less power in the Senate than a conservative Democrat, the party's liberal faction reasoned, and besides, it was an opportunity to teach the dominant Johnson-Connally wing of the party a lesson. So John Tower became the first Republican elected to the Senate from Texas since 1870. In 1966, Waggoner Carr, another conservative, won the nomination; again Democratic liberals vowed non-support and again Tower won. Tower's preference for Krueger is premised on the liberals once again "flaking away."

Towry, the manager, wants Joe Christie as Tower's general election opponent because he believes it's always better to have ideological lines drawn clearly. "Christie would activate the left," he concedes, "but he would also scare the hell out of the right, and obviously conservatives are the majority in Texas."

Joe Christie dismisses his primary opponent with this gibe: "The only difference between John Tower and Bob Krueger is that Krueger's a foot taller." Krueger is also young (42), zealous and ambitious. He makes no bones about his desire to wind up his political career in the White House. Krueger was first elected along with more than 40 other new congressmen in the 1974 post-Watergate sweep. He ran the most expensive congressional campaign in the nation that year, spending $362,000 and running up a debt for more than half that amount. In Krueger's first term, the Capitol Hill newspaper *Roll Call* chose him as the most effective freshman congressman, a designation made much of in this year's campaign. The award must have been based on Krueger's dedicated service to the petroleum industry, on whose behalf he waged wars to save the oil depletion allowance, decontrol domestic crude oil prices and deregulate natural gas. He also quickly emerged as a prominent spokesman for business and against consumer and environmental interests, and a leading proponent of more money for the Pentagon.

The record bears out Christie's charge that a choice between Tower and Krueger amounts to no choice at all. Krueger casts an occasional liberal vote: for the extension of the Voting Rights Act, in favor of admitting women to the service academies, for abolishing the Hatch Act ban on political activities for federal employees. But the *Texas Observer*, which endorsed his opponent, says, "The great majority of his votes show him to be a diehard defender of the status quo and basically a reactionary on economic and military issues." Krueger got a 20-percent rating from the ADA in 1977; John Tower scored 15 percent. For comparison, the average rating for House Democrats was 52 percent. In *Congressional Quarterly*'s analysis of "presidential support," Krueger backed Carter positions 43 percent of the time compared to Tower's 40 percent. It's reasonable to conclude that if Krueger wins, some liberals again will be moved to go fishing on election day.

On the other hand, if your only acquaintance with Joe Christie comes through his campaign propaganda, you might wish to avoid voting in the primary as well. "Born in Rising Star, Texas, 44 years ago," says one brochure, "Joe has the endurance of a jogger, the tenacity of a former Marine, the native savvy of an oilman, the broad perspective of a lawyer, a parent's concern for the future and an intimate knowledge of government gained through six years in the State Senate and over four-and-a-half years as Insurance Board Chairman." Christie was a moderate-to-liberal state senator who championed community colleges and liquor by the drink, and who lost a bid for the 1972 nomination for lieutenant governor. As insurance board chairman he gained a pro-consumer reputation by holding down automobile rates.

One of the best ways to sort out Texas politics is to look at who's backing whom and poke through the campaign ledgers. One Lone Star voter in five is Spanish and one in eight is black, and of those who vote, the vast majority wind up in the Democratic primary. The conservative Tory Democrats continue to dominate the party by assuring that the liberal-labor-black-Chicano coalition is divided in every election. Christie will win most of the votes from these groups, but Krueger's early start, his ability to speak Spanish and his assiduous courtship of black and Chicano leaders already have produced more support from those communities than his record justifies. Then there's the money factor. Krueger has budgeted $1.4 million for the primary and another million for the general election against Tower. A substantial proportion of the large contributions already reported comes from wealthy individuals associated with large oil operations, investments and real estate. Sources in Texas believe that many business political action committees (PACs) will wait until after the last federal reports before the primary are due to weigh in with more Krueger money. Christie has support from smaller independent oil companies, and won the unanimous endorsement of the Texas AFL-CIO, a liberal bellwether. But the original Christie primary budget was one million dollars less than Krueger's, and there is no indication that he will raise even that amount.

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In all likelihood, money will determine the Christie-Krueger outcome. A Houston newspaper poll taken a week ago shows Krueger ahead slightly, but also shows that nearly half the voters still have not made up their minds. To help move this undecided bloc, Krueger will mount a major television blitz stressing soft, image-building themes, among them depicting himself an "Independent Democrat." When he ran for Congress in his own sprawling, rural 21st district, Krueger promoted himself as a "Conservative Democrat." Christie backers expect to be outspent 10-to-1 in paid media and face the prospect that he will have no money whatever for television. So Christie is trying to close the gap by heating up the campaign with bareknuckle politics and stagy events designed to dramatize the differences between himself and Krueger. He has worked a day in a brewery and a steel mill, for example, canoed down the lower canyons of the Rio Grande to emphasize his opponent's environmental failures and pumped gasoline for independent operators to depict Krueger as a tool of the oil industry. He also has charged Krueger with illegally using congressional staff members still on the federal payroll for campaign work, and with conflicts of interest in several House votes.

With all this, Christie backers see their man making some headway. But in a place as big as Texas, there is a minimum of hard cash needed to be competitive, and Joe Christie won't reach that level. It is farther from Amarillo to Brownsville than from New York to Chicago, with 20 major media markets and 455 broadcast outlets in between. It's a state where media politics prevails. No candidate can handshake his way to victory there the way Jimmy Carter did in Iowa. Christie's effort to heat up the race is being undercut by a competition for press attention from stiff gubernatorial primaries in both parties. Veteran Democratic organizer Billie Carr says, "I'm afraid Joe Christie is going to wind up a day late and a dollar short."

Whichever Democrat wins the right to run against John Tower will benefit from a wild card in the general election deck, a Houston right-winger named Henry Grover, who claims he will gather the 16,000 signatures needed to file as an independent. All agree that every vote that Grover gets will come out of Tower's column. In 1972 (the year of Tower's last race), Grover was also on the GOP ballot as the nominee for governor. His principal motivation for this year's candidacy is a deep personal hostility toward the diminutive Tower, who, he correctly believes, undercut his efforts to raise money for the 1972 campaign. A Washington Republican who served in the Nixon White House in those days recalls Tower repeatedly assuring Republican VIPs that Grover should not be taken seriously, that he would get no more than 30 percent of the vote. According to this source, Tower also encouraged the White House press office to "misplace" photos taken of Grover with President Nixon, lest they turn up in the Texas campaign. Grover did lose the governor's race, but by only 100,000 votes of nearly three-and-a-half million cast, the narrowest margin in memory. He wound up heavily in debt to boot. With any support at all from the Texas Republican establishment, Henry Grover might have been the first GOP governor of that state since Reconstruction. Thus his grudge against Tower. The antipathy deepened in 1976 when Grover backed Ronald Reagan's bid in the Texas primary and Tower supported Ford. Other Reagan backers are now doing what they can to discourage Grover's independent bid, but they admit that he is not motivated by conventional political considerations. If Grover manages to get on the ballot, some observers believe he could draw up to five or six percent of the total vote from right-to-lifers and other bedrock reactionaries, and that the November result might turn on less than that. That possibility, in turn, has led to speculation that it would be in John Tower's interest to get the wild card out of the deck, and the best way to accomplish that might be to use his considerable influence with the moneyed establishment in Texas to help Henry Grover settle some old campaign debts.

Ken Bode

On the Hill

Healthy Skepticism

"It's one of those ginned-up Washington issues," Jay Constantine said. He works for the chairman of the Senate Finance Committee—Russell Long—and he doubts there will be any groundswell of popular support for a national health program this year, despite the occasional flurry of stories in the press. "We get more mail on fee-for-service for nurses than we get on national health," he said. "As a matter of fact, we get more mail from chiropractors." His assistant said, "People aren't writing to Washington any more. Maybe they don't think the government can solve their problems." Both said that people seem reasonably content with the quality of care they get; it's only the cost they occasionally gripe about. This is the prevailing view, a politically powerful one.

Long's Finance Committee will have a lot to say about any health program that passes Congress, because even the least ambitious proposal will add billions of dollars to the federal budget, and Finance must approve the tax increase. The three senior Democrats on the committee—Senator Long, Herman Talmadge and Abraham Ribicoff—have written a minimal insurance bill that would improve coverage for the aged, poor, for

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children and for people with expensive "catastrophic" illnesses. But the senators are in no great hurry to act on it. They are waiting, presumably, for President Carter to make the first move. Carter has promised to have a national health program drafted by late summer, just before the election, in time for Senator Edward Kennedy to hold hearings in the health subcommittee he chairs.

Kennedy has sponsored the most ambitious plan of all, one that was sponsored in the House by Representative James Corman and backed by—or, more accurately, written by—organized labor. The Kennedy bill has been around a long time and gone through several changes. Now it's going through another. If anyone is ginning up the issue, it is Kennedy. His organized supporters—such as the Committee for National Health Insurance (CNHI)—are eager to get moving soon on legislation, preferably by July, so that they will have something specific this fall to ask congressional candidates to declare themselves for or against. The CNHI would like to elect a "national health insurance Congress," and it is planning strategy right now. Kennedy is part of the plan.

The small steps Carter has taken toward writing a national health insurance program have occurred because people outside the administration have prodded him. A year ago at the United Auto Workers convention, Kennedy warned that Carter's promise to enact an insurance bill in his first term was in danger of becoming one of the "missing promises." Carter addressed the convention the following day and reassured the UAW that his promise was still good and that he would have a bill in 1978. A second prod came last December. HEW Secretary Joseph Califano told a reporter that he thought the president would describe the "principles" of his program in 1978, but not introduce the bill until 1979. Kennedy leaped. He wanted a clarification from the White House. A White House staffer was sent out to repeat the original promise and explain to the press that Califano was mistaken and Kennedy was right: the bill would be ready in 1978, not 1979. A third clash occurred a few weeks ago, on April 6, in the White House. On that day, Carter met with Kennedy, Califano, labor leaders, economic advisers and other officials to discuss the soon-to-be-announced principles for national health insurance. In front of the president and the gathered throng, Kennedy ripped into Califano's "presidential review memorandum" on health insurance, which had been presented to the Cabinet a couple of days earlier. This paper was supposed to lay out program options for the president to choose from, each tagged with a price. Kennedy was angry because the memo described in deprecating terms a compromise that Kennedy and his labor friends had been working on. He was annoyed, first, because HEW allegedly violated a confidence in publishing his unfinished scheme and, second, because in doing so HEW grossly misrepresented its cost. One senate aide suggested that HEW had overstated the price by $50 billion, making it the most costly of all the options on the list. In the April 6 meeting, after Kennedy made his loud complaint, Carter invited Kennedy to write up his own description of the new idea and send it, along with Kennedy's own cost estimate, to the White House. The senator has done that. This generated news stories that Kennedy is "going over Califano's head" in national health negotiations. Meanwhile, the president's option paper is being thoroughly rewritten, and Carter, once again, has committed himself to producing a bill before the summer is over.

Kennedy and the labor unions never have been reticent about their influence in making social policy, and recently they have reminded everyone who will listen that a health program that does not have their blessing is really no program at all. They've issued the warning because they've suddenly discovered there may be some irremediable differences between the compromise plan they've been working on and the one that Califano has proposed. The single most important difference has to do with cost control. The Califano scheme that most closely resembles Kennedy's would put nearly all of the burden for cutting expenditures on the patient. The assumption—not a very sound one—is that the patient, if forced to pay frequently for a variety of services, will behave like a prudent shopper and look for bargains in medical care. Each worker earning $10,000 or more would pay the first 25 percent of all his federal insurance premium each year (up to a maximum of $210), plus 25 percent of medical costs each year (up to a maximum of $1500). Max Fine, executive director of the Committee for National Health Insurance, says this method has "never worked" to control costs. It merely keeps the non-rich out of the doctor's office, whether they be sick or healthy. Instead, the CNHI and Kennedy insist that the only way to control costs is to create a comprehensive national health budget, divide the total up into regional sub-budgets and negotiate contracts with hospitals and doctors in each region, just as a mayor would negotiate the salaries of policemen and firemen.

Everyone tends to see the universe as a large version of his own village. Labor unions are no exception. They are in the bargaining business, and they would solve the problems of health care by collective bargaining with doctors. As the CNHI puts it, the health insurance bill must require "prospective budgeting" with firm administrative controls on costs. That is one point, they say, on which there can be no compromise. It is a point on which Califano disagrees. He is not the only dissenter.

Constantine of the Senate Finance Committee asks, "What the hell is prospective budgeting?" His own reply: jargon. He believes that what the unions and Kennedy are asking for is a bigger version of Medicare,

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with not even a remote promise of better management. Constantine quotes Senator Talmadge, needling the AFL-CIO's health expert at a hearing in 1976: "The AFL-CIO seems to be saying that the government is responsible for managing hospitals and should do everything to control hospital cost increases except for hospital wage increases. In other words, control everything but us."

The overwhelming tendency of self-interest to overcome common interest frightens budget-watchers like Constantine. An "ideal construct" for controlling costs like Kennedy's "scares the hell out of some of us," Constantine said. It scares some White House staffers, too, because they fear that a universal federal health budget would become an umbrella for every interest group to shelter under, not a shield to beat back their demands. Constantine refers to the Medicare numbers as a precedent for what might happen. In 1965 when Medicare was passed, the actuaries estimated that the program would cost $8.8 billion in 1990. When they took a second look in 1967, they revised the cost estimate upward to $10.8 billion. In 1969, they put it up again to $16.8 billion. The latest estimate is that it will cost more than $61 billion by 1987.

Numbers like these send normally generous politicians scampering out the back door when the CNHI comes knocking at the front. Jimmy Carter might like to scamper away, but he's trapped.

Eliot Marshall

Placebos won't cure inflation.

Dr. Carter's Little Pills

What ought one say about the record of a President who, carefully honoring a multitude of campaign pledges, proposes to revitalize the old cities of the snowbelt, solve the energy dilemma, reform welfare, institute universal health coverage at last, tax rich and poor equitably, provide jobs for all, and—the millennium for sure—tame the demon inflation into the bargain?

I fear that the unavoidable answer is, not much. The energy mess is a separate issue, but the remainder of this long agenda, each item either expensive or a useless gesture, threatens to be a continuing exercise in frustration not only because an exceedingly conservative, politically apprehensive Congress seems unable to make up its collective mind about anything, but also because Mr. Carter has committed one strategic blunder of action and a second of inaction.

His misguided action was the effort to replicate a tax stimulus strategy which succeeded admirably in the 1960s and will just as calamitously fail in the late 1970s. The 1964 tax cut worked well for half a dozen good reasons at variance with current reality: three Eisenhower recessions had emptied inflationary expectations out of the public psyche; in late 1962 when President Kennedy initially proposed to slash corporate and personal levies, recovery was proceeding for a second year without noticeable revival of inflationary expectation or pressure; no foreign currency presumed to rise sharply against the American dollar, threaten its primacy as a reserve currency and push up the prices of Japanese autos and French wines; economic growth at annual five percent rates was a realistic objective; OPEC was an ineffective assortment of squabbling Middle Eastern states; and, not least important, the Kennedy administration was credibly willing and able to block potential revivals of inflationary behavior either by spectacular, public jawboning as in the instance of the President's 1962 confrontation with the steel industry, or via the promulgation of the Council of Economic Advisers' wage-price guidelines. In a period of excess capacity, stable prices, cheap energy and substantial unemployment, it proved possible, as *The Wall Street Journal* sourly conceded a few months ago, to accelerate growth and diminish unemployment without stimulating inflation. Out of the growth dividend flowed the resources that funded Lyndon Johnson's ambitious Great Society. The rich and the middle classes got tax relief. The poor got anti-poverty money. For a while, the going was great. Not for long. As it destroyed so many other promising phenomena, Vietnam escalation dissolved the fragile social consensus upon which the Great Society relied for political viability.

It is embarrassing to remind the White House economists who appear to be suffering from tired blood that times have changed. Above all, in our energy-expensive universe, five percent growth is a memory of times past. Each year OPEC hauls away a third or so of attainable new growth. When growth is slow or invisible, public finance is a matter of either-or, not both-and. To cut taxes in our times is to subtract the resources for new jobs, federalization of welfare, urban rescue and national health.

The President's nondecision—his reluctance to cope effectively with inflation—is possibly even more damaging to the hopes of his supporters than his emphasis upon tax reduction. Manifestly inflation is picking up speed again. On "Meet the Press" early in April, Alan Greenspan warned of a return "to the 10 percent level and perhaps even higher." On this topic, if on few others, I am inclined to take Greenspan seriously. Yet, if anything, White House policy has actually encouraged more rapid inflation by subsidies to farmers (smaller, it is fair to say, than those advocated by some members of Congress), reference price succor for the notoriously inefficient steel industry and a

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copper purchase program aimed at soothing half a dozen western states.

The inflation is real. It is also a wonderful excuse to oppose almost any kind of spending except for the Pentagon's latest line in lethal toys. When, as a *New York Times*-CBS poll recently disclosed, 63 percent of the people questioned think that inflation is their most pressing personal problem and only five percent award the honor to unemployment, then prudent congresspersons take fright. If untreated, inflation will strengthen conservative sentiment throughout the country. And, if the Federal Reserve behaves traditionally, it will precipitate a new recession by stamping hard on the monetary brakes. Statement by statement, G. William Miller sounds more like the barely departed Arthur P. Burns.

I share no secrets in noting that control of an entrenched inflation is painful. Nevertheless, some sensible measures are available. The mildest, almost surely too bland to promise much success, is an update of the wage-price guidelines in vogue during the Kennedy-Johnson administrations. A second possibility is an American version of the British social contract, which in the last three years has reduced British inflation by half, trading wage restraints for price controls and social benefits. Incomes policy of a more familiar variety might involve selective price controls either with or without accompanying wage controls. Direct controls have earned a bad reputation because during the Nixon years they were administered by people who hated them and because trade unionists, with considerable justification, concluded that wage restraints were effective but price controls for the most part were polite fictions. Carter, no Nixon, might reasonably be expected to appoint price controllers who believed in what they were doing and concentrated on the monopolistic sectors of the economy instead of pretending to regulate the corner grocers of the land. A relatively new anti-inflation notion is Tax-Based Incomes Policy (TIP). TIP rewards the virtuous by cutting the rate of corporate income tax on the profits of enterprises which raise prices less than some target number. Employees whose unions settled for less than the wage target increase would be saluted by reduced payroll or personal income tax imposts. In one of the TIP variants, sticks as well as carrots would be administered. IRS might impose tax penalties upon corporate or union transgressors who increased prices or wages faster than they ought.

As Gardner Ackley, one of Lyndon Johnson's CEA chairmen, has pointed out, TIP has its flaws. On the price front, it is often difficult to distinguish between price hikes justified by quality improvements and plain old price increases. On the wage side, the value of fringe benefits in new contracts is disputed routinely by companies that provide and employees who receive these benefits. TIP would provide a new occasion of argument. One might readily extend Ackley's list of drawbacks. It is hard to see how TIP would limit physicians' fees and hospital room charges, farm prices, or wages or prices in fragmented industries. Nor will TIP affect OPEC, rising import prices, the world's grain markets and other external inflationary impulses.

It is sadly true that each of these responses to inflation is imperfect. Union suspicion that controls once more will zap wages and spare profits is too rooted in recent experience to be lightly disregarded. Guideposts work best when inflation is moderate and presidents are effective. In the abstract a social contract sounds fine, particularly to admirers of Rousseau and Locke, but it is difficult to draw up a contract acceptable to employers, unions, politicians and the public at large. TIP covers only part of the inflationary universe and threatens, to boot, further to complicate the insanely mysterious Internal Revenue Code.

All the same each attempt to cope is serious. Each one offers some hope of limited success. Sad to say, however, Mr. Carter's choice from the list of possibilities has been, up to now, none of the above. The President urges everybody to restrain himself. Let corporations raise prices less this year than the average increase of the two preceding years. Ditto for unions. The incidental consequence of compliance with this injunction is larger price and wage gains for corporations and unions that already have done better than their rivals.

For the rest, the President asks government workers to set a patriotic example by accepting 5.5 percent wage increases instead of the six percent (or more) they have been expecting. The probable effect of this vicarious self-sacrifice is lowered morale among the bureaucrats and additional trouble in Congress for White House civil service reform. The appointment of Robert Strauss as coordinator of the nonwar against inflation will probably relieve Japanese trade negotiators whose arms have been painfully twisted by Strauss. Deprived of any weapon sturdier than a wagging tongue, even Strauss is unlikely to be an effective anti-inflation warrior.

Six or 12 months from now Mr. Carter will be compelled to move from voluntary to mandatory action against inflation. The problem will be more severe, the imminence of recession much closer. In the words of *The New York Times*, "Mr. Carter so far has proved to be a President of bold beginnings. This is not the first beginning of the fight against inflation. We hope he will not need another." Save for the fact that the beginning is far from bold, the implied skepticism of the *Times* is on target. Placebos seldom work on patients as hardened as the American public.

Robert Lekachman

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Gearing up to prevent Congress from lifting the arms embargo against Turkey.

The Greek Lobby

by Morton Kondracke

Greek-Americans do not comprise a large ethnic group—only about 3 million people—but they are strategically located, from a political standpoint, in key urban swing states: Connecticut, New York, Illinois, Missouri, California, Florida, Maryland and Virginia. Polling firms say their samples are too small to confirm or disprove the point, but most political observers believe that Greek-Americans voted heavily Republican in 1968, partly because of the presence of Spiro T. Agnew on the ticket, and again in 1972, after the Nixon administration aided and abetted the military junta that had taken over Greece. By 1976, however, the Republican administration of Gerald Ford had alienated Greek-Americans by consistently opposing the arms embargo that Congress slapped on Turkey following its 1974 invasion of Cyprus using American equipment. Democrat Jimmy Carter saw a chance to make inroads with an important voting bloc, and declared that "we would be negligent of the moral issues and courting longer-range disaster if we fail to couple the improvement in relations with Turkey with increased fair progress on the Cyprus issue."

Even Carter pollster Patrick Caddell's Cambridge Survey Research Corporation is unable to say whether Carter's position on Cyprus helped him win the election, but as president he carried through on his campaign promise to link a lifting of the embargo against Turkey with a settlement on Cyprus—until now. Now the administration favors ending the embargo and hoping that it will lead to a settlement, and now Carter is in a fight with one of the spunkiest, most single-minded and tenacious lobbies in Washington. If past battles are any indication, the Greek lobby will see to it in coming weeks that members of Congress are badgered relentlessly, pleaded with, visited, telephoned, invited to rallies, personally importuned, bombarded with literature and warned against betrayal—all to ensure that the United States does not further relax what has been, at best, a loose and ineffective grip on Turkey.

The administration switched positions because it believes that the arms embargo has not succeeded in forcing Turkey to withdraw its 30,000 troops from Cyprus. Instead, it has only corroded relations between Turkey and the United States and caused Turkey to question its 30-year commitment to NATO and the Western alliance. Turkey has closed US intelligence posts in reaction to the embargo and lately has been hinting it might suspend or sever its NATO ties. Situated astride the Soviet Union's naval channel into the Mediterranean and across some of Russia's land and air routes to the Middle East, the Persian Gulf and East Africa, Turkey is believed by the administration to be too strategically important to cut adrift. The country is economically hard pressed and militarily starved for modern equipment. The administration thinks it needs US transfusions to ensure its stability. In Prime Minister Bulent Ecevit—the man who ordered the 1974 invasion—the administration sees a leader strong enough to offer a fair settlement on Cyprus.

The Greek lobby arrayed against the administration is united in its conviction that Turkey cannot be trusted to withdraw its troops from Cyprus and agree to a fair settlement except under American pressure. At the same time, the lobby actually is made up of sub-groups with different aims, agendas and backgrounds, some of them hostile to one another. The group generally considered the most moderate and reasonable by administration and other opponents is the congressional lobby led by Democratic Representatives John Brademas of Indiana and Benjamin Rosenthal of New York, and Senators Paul Sarbanes of Maryland and Thomas Eagleton of Missouri. This group staunchly opposed the right-wing junta that ruled Greece from 1967 to 1974 and initially exhibited understanding for Turkey's invasion of Cyprus when the Greek junta sponsored a coup on the island designed to achieve a unification with Greece.

Administration officials credit the congressional group with appreciating Turkey's importance to NATO and with being willing to resume military supplies if a Cyprus settlement actually is reached. In a recent press conference, the four said that, "as longtime supporters of NATO, we know that the strength of our southeastern European flank requires both Turkey *and* Greece to play active roles in the alliance." The case for the embargo, they said, is that Turkey violated American law in using US equipment during its invasion and continues to violate American human rights precepts in occupying 40 percent of Cyprus, even though the Turkish Cypriots comprise only 18 percent of the island's population.

Even though its congressional element enjoys prestige, respect and power—Brademas, especially, as

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House majority whip—the Greek lobby's real influence is said to lie in tight-knit Greek-American communities around the country. "This is really a people lobby," said one congressman who supports its positions. "The Greek community is just as well organized as the Jewish community, and it feels just as strongly about this issue as the Jews do about Israel."

An administration lobbyist noted, "The Greek-American tends to be relatively wealthy, and a contributor to political campaigns, but a non-demanding contributor. He doesn't bother his congressman a lot for favors, so when he comes to ask for one vote on this question—and it's posed as a moral question—he gets listened to." An aide to a Midwestern senator noted, "there are maybe 10 or 12 big Greek contributors in our state, but they don't tie their money to anything. It's votes that make the difference. The Greek community lets you know, 'Vote right or you're dead with us.'"

An Illinois congressman said, "The Greeks are a very well placed group, economically and socially. It's impossible for a congressman not to know at least one Greek, and the chances are he'll share the viewpoint of most Greeks about Turkey and Cyprus. And then there are the Armenians, who are every bit as strong on this issue as the Greeks. Meanwhile, there's no countervailing influence. There is no Turkish-American community to speak of. There is no one to give a Turkish defense, if there is one. Given their record, it is very hard to love the Turks."

Local Greek communities are kept informed by several national groups including the Greek Orthodox Church, the fraternal organization Ahepa and the American Hellenic Congress, but the dominant lobbying group is the American Hellenic Institute Public Affairs Committee (AHIPAC), headed by a combative former All-American football player and Assistant Secretary of the Treasury under Richard Nixon, Eugene Telemachus Rossides, a Washington law partner of former Secretary of State William P. Rogers. Rossides refuses to be interviewed for attribution, but it is clear from his congressional testimony and his press clippings that he is a good deal more militantly anti-Turk than are the members of the congressional lobby with whom he works.

To Rossides, the administration policy is "appeasement." The Turkish policy is "intransigence." Its invasion was "cruel." Its occupation constituted "subjugation." Just under the surface of Rossides's argumentation is a bitter-end refusal to forgive any of the atrocities ever perpetrated by the Turks, in fact and legend, and a refusal ever to admit that any wrongs may have been committed in the other direction. "The present Turkish government, as previous ones," Rossides told Congress, "continues to violate the human rights of its minority citizens—including Arabs, Armenians, Georgians, Greeks, Kurds and Lazis and others." Rossides's unspoken message is that brutality is endemic among Turks, almost racial.

From a strategic standpoint, Rossides declares, Turkey is unreliable as an ally, "undermines" NATO and "is a third-rate military power . . . of minor military significance." Meanwhile, "Greece is the strategic key to the Eastern Mediterranean . . . the birthplace of western civilization and democracy." Rossides seems to believe that NATO and the United States have to choose between Greece and Turkey, and that Turkey should be left out.

Officials of Rossides's organization are playing down its importance at the moment. One of them said, requesting that his remarks not be attributed to him by name, that AHIPAC does "very little lobbying" and spends just "a couple of thousand" trying to influence the outcome of legislation. "Mainly we get information out. The spokesmen are the people all over the country. We can't call up and get several thousand letters. We are a very small organization. We don't have too many members, 150 or 200. We don't do much of anything."

Another opponent of administration policy is the semi-legendary, faintly mysterious former anti-junta plotter, Elias Demetracopoulos, hero of many an Evans and Novak and Jack Anderson column for his tireless maneuverings against the colonels, against the Nixon administration and against elements of the Greek-American community that supported the Nixon-junta alliance. Demetracopoulos, still operating out of a cramped apartment and a fancy restaurant in Washington's Fairfax Hotel, now is downplaying his differences with the Greek-American lobby, but he emphasizes that he is working independent of them to sustain the embargo against Turkey.

Meanwhile, the Greek Embassy in Washington has hired a skilled Washington lawyer, Harry McPherson, to act as its lobbyist. McPherson, a former White House aide in the Johnson administration, declared in registering with the Justice Department as a foreign agent that he would be paid "hourly fees of the firm" for counseling the embassy and "talking to people in the executive branch and in Congress." He declined to say what his fees normally are, but the top Washington lawyers usually charge in the range of $150 an hour or more for their services.

Pulitzer Prize

Richard Lee Strout has won a Pulitzer Prize special citation for distinguished commentary, for his writing in *The New Republic* and *The Christian Science Monitor*. Strout has written "TRB from Washington" in *The New Republic* since 1943. He has been a reporter for the Washington bureau of the *Monitor* since 1923. The prizes are awarded by Columbia University, under the will of Joseph Pulitzer.

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It is not clear to what extent the Greek government and the Greek-American lobby operate jointly or how their interests mesh. The Athens government wants the embargo against Turkey maintained at least partly for Greek domestic political reasons. Prime Minister Constantine Karamanlis, who is centrist and pro-American, is under political pressure from the anti-American socialist Andreas Papandreou, who would like to pull Greece entirely out of NATO and is agitating around Carter's policy reversal. Greece, unlike Turkey, has kept US bases open, but has pulled its troops out from under the NATO command structure.

Another obvious reason Athens wants the embargo maintained is that it keeps the military balance in the Aegean Sea tipped in Greece's direction. Turkey has more troops than Greece, but what counts in the area is airplanes and ships, where Greece holds the superiority in high technology.

If it could, the Greek lobby would like to pull off another victory like that of July 24, 1975, when the House voted, 223-206, to impose the embargo. That triumph followed a huge propaganda and political effort in which congressmen were besieged to attend Memorial Day weekend rallies where their support was elicited for the embargo. "Dozens of congressmen got their feet set in concrete over that weekend and haven't been able to get free since," said a House aide working against the embargo. Actually, by October 1975, the embargo had been partially lifted to permit $125 million in military sales to Turkey, which has been raised since then to $175 million. The administration has not said how much it would ask for if the embargo were lifted. For this year, it is seeking to add only $50 million in economic aid for Turkey.

Opposing the Greek lobby, the Turkish embassy employs Edelman International, a Chicago-based public relations firm, to lobby and give propaganda counseling. Edelman was paid $96,200 last year for the services of two Washington representatives, David Banks and John Meek, and Washington lawyer Henry Dudley. An American-Turkish Association exists and files testimony with congressional committees, but it is no match for the Greek-American lobby. There are only about 100,000 Turkish-Americans in the country and they lack the Greeks' tradition of political involvement.

The major weight of the anti-embargo cause will be carried by the Carter administration, whose chief tactician is State Department counselor Matthew Nimetz. To launch its drive, the administration sent Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, Defense Secretary Harold Brown and General David C. Jones, chairman-designate of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, to make an unprecedented joint appearance before the House International Relations Committee, which will be first to vote on the embargo, probably in May. Vance argued that the embargo had served to demonstrate how seriously the US takes the unauthorized use of its weapons, but that "continued maintenance of the embargo would be harmful to US security concerns, harmful to NATO, harmful to our bilateral relations with Turkey and harmful to our role as a potential contributor to a Cyprus settlement." (The Greek lobby's counter-attack was a Sunday afternoon rally in Washington that attracted 10,000 people.)

"What's the prognosis?" said Representative Rosenthal, one of the leaders of the Greek lobby's gang of four, repeating a question just put to him. "The prognosis is that we lose in committee, but we win on the floor. Why? Because it's an election year."

Weinstein is the target but the victim is Navasky.

"Perjury," Take Three

Allen Weinstein's new book about the Alger Hiss case, *Perjury* (reviewed in *TNR* April 8), has stirred up a hornet's nest that must delight his publisher and puzzle anyone unaware of the totemistic value of this 30-year-old controversy. We publish here, with some reluctance, Weinstein's reply to an attack on the book by Victor Navasky, editor of *The Nation*, in the April 8 edition of that journal. Our reluctance does not derive from any reason to doubt the quality of Weinstein's research or his conclusions, which we find convincing. Certainly it doesn't derive from any fear that the legitimacy of every liberal advance since the New Deal is undermined if Hiss is guilty of espionage.

We're just somewhat reluctant to impose on non-addicts yet another round in this increasingly arcane dispute. (And, unfortunately, fairness requires us to

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allow Navasky his turn next week.) Furthermore, the dispute over arcana already is beginning to obscure the question of whether Hiss or Whittaker Chambers was lying in 1948. The Hiss case itself, meanwhile, continues to obscure the more complex—but more accessible—truths about American Communism and anti-Communism in the decades before and after World War II. Nevertheless, we decided to publish what follows in the service of truth and, more prosaically, as a service to Hiss/Chambers addicts.

A word needs to be said about the intellectual spuriousness of *The Nation*'s attack on Weinstein. We say this with some reluctance, too, because we are longtime admirers of Victor Navasky and his work. But Navasky's brief for the defense strikes a hypocritical—and fundamentally ludicrous—posture of agnosticism about Hiss. He claims to be arguing not that Hiss is innocent, but that the evidence from Weinstein and others is insufficient to establish that he is guilty, and so the question is still open. The posture is hypocritical because *The Nation* clearly intends to create the impression, in its three articles so far on the subject and the ads it is running in other periodicals, that Navasky has produced a mass of documentation that vindicates Hiss by routing his newest enemy. Thus the headline on the ads: "Hiss is the target but the victim is truth." The agnosticism is strictly *pro forma*. This posture is ludicrous because of the enormous amount of information available about the case, even discounting all the evidence Navasky challenges. Few things are ever certain in this world, but if Victor Navasky customarily refused to reach a conclusion about any public issue before there was more evidence to consider than is now available about the Hiss case, he would be mentally paralyzed. If Navasky believes Hiss was framed, let him say so and say why. It's absurd to suggest there's not enough to go on.

As Allen Weinstein is himself too caught up in minutiae to emphasize, Navasky's mass of factual challenges to his book, with one exception, don't relate to any contested issue in the case. (The exception involves Weinstein's allegation of a typewriter "coverup" by Hiss.) Practically all of Navasky's challenges concern only two subjects: the existence of a Communist underground in the United States in the 1930s, and Whittaker Chambers's participation in it. Indeed if there is a pattern in the recantations Navasky has produced, it seems to be this: people who told Weinstein details about Whittaker Chambers's Communist background, thinking these would be used to impeach Chambers and vindicate Hiss, changed their minds when they saw Weinstein had spun a web of fact from their information that trapped Hiss as well. But does Victor Navasky honestly believe that there was no Communist underground in Washington during the 1930s, and that no American—not even Whittaker Chambers—attempted espionage for the Russians? He suggests as much when he writes:

> *Weinstein has aligned himself with those cold-war intellectuals who presumably sleep better at night secure in the knowledge that there* was *an internal Communist menace . . . which might have justified the cold-war repression with which they collaborated and/or helped rationalize.*

No decent liberal defends what went on during the anti-Communist hysteria that began around the time of the Hiss case. On the other hand, no sensible discussion of that time is possible if decent liberals refuse to acknowledge that there once were many with similar decent instincts who foolishly endorsed the systematic indecency of Stalinism, and there were a few who actively worked to undermine our own system in that system's favor and at its direction. This truth in no way justifies what followed. But the innocence of Alger Hiss is a weak enough base on which to build a condemnation of McCarthyism. A blind insistence that no one on the left ever misbehaved is no base at all.

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by Allen Weinstein

Victor Navasky, editor of *The Nation*, devotes a large part of that magazine's April 8 issue to an attack on *Perjury*, my book on the Hiss-Chambers case. Navasky alleges that I misquoted six people whom I interviewed, misstated basic facts, and distorted evidence—grave accusations against a scholar. Had he contacted me I would have invited Navasky to examine the material in my archive which proves that I have cited all six accurately. Three of the six interviewees who recanted their stories—Maxim Lieber, Karel Kaplan, and Sam Krieger—are on tape. One (Kaplan) published a magazine article reiterating the facts told earlier to me. In all six cases—these three plus Paul Willert, Ella Winter, and Alden Whitman—I have not only the notes of my interviews but also letters from them, defense file memos, FBI records, and other interviews that corroborate their statements.

Why would these people now say I misquoted them? Well, three of the six—Lieber, Krieger, and Whitman—have written me expressing disagreement with my conclusions about the Hiss-Chambers case. Lieber told *The Washington Post* on April 6: "I may have said things [to Weinstein] I wouldn't have said under different circumstances." Five of the six—Lieber, Krieger, Kaplan, Winter and Willert—deny having said things I never quote them as saying. Navasky apparently did not compare their letters of denial to their statements in my book.

Navasky dismisses the critics who have commented favorably on my book as "generalists" insufficiently versed in the case's complex facts and incapable of rendering an independent judgment on the evidence. Navasky suggests the following people as qualified to com-

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ment about the case, men whose "independent studies" best explain the evidence: John Lowenthal, a Rutgers law professor who (as identified in his *Nation* credit line) "has sometimes served as counsel for Hiss"; William A. Reuben, author of an early book arguing a frameup against Hiss and currently the latter's co-plaintiff in a lawsuit for FBI files; Fred Cook, whose book and articles have argued since 1957 that Hiss was framed; and Peter H. Irons, plaintiff in a lawsuit filed in association with Hiss's and who also has argued that Hiss was framed. I discuss the conspiracy theories favored by all four men in a lengthy appendix to *Perjury*.

The true measure of Navasky's desperation emerges from his entire eight-page collection of trivial allegations of error. They all concern matters that are completely peripheral, and they mostly attempt to impugn my evidence for statements that are—in any event—virtually beyond dispute (such as the fact that *Chambers*, let alone Hiss, was a member of the Communist underground). Even if I actually had committed every error and misrepresentation Navasky accuses me of, even if we chose to believe every detail of all six recantations, *Perjury*'s central arguments, evidence and conclusions would survive unscathed. Navasky has not dealt with them.

The most egregious example of Navasky's misstatements about *Perjury* and my research concerns his effort to spoof my discussion of Joszef Peters, whom I interviewed in Budapest. Navasky ridicules my statement that Peters, a leading official of the Hungarian Communist Party since his 1949 deportation from the US, was head of the American Communist underground and a Comintern representative during the 1930s. According to Navasky, my only source for information on Peters was a citation from David Dallin's papers, "Which were promised to Yale by 1970 (but) have never arrived, and . . . Dallin's chief source is none other than Whittaker Chambers (so he is corroborating Chambers with Chambers)."

Nonsense. David Dallin's papers never arrived at Yale because they are in the New York Public Library, where I consulted them. *Perjury* contains multiple citations concerning Peters's underground career. In the backnote immediately before the one on Dallin, I refer to Peters's INS deportation file, which I requested under the Freedom of Information Act. It contains depositions of several Communists who identified Peters as a Comintern agent, along with Peters's own handwritten confirmation of that role. Others who testified to Peters's activities in the American CP underground, all cited in *Perjury*, include Lee Pressman, a confessed member of the secret "Ware group" of Communists in the early New Deal (p. 135), who stated that J. Peters "showed up, announced (after Harold Ware's death in 1935) that he was taking Ware's place, and continued, thereafter, to act more-or-less as leader of the group"; Maxim Lieber, who in a taped interview with me, confirmed Peters's underground leadership; and David Zabladowsky, who told my research assistant about having passed material from Chambers to Peters.

Navasky dismisses my conclusion about Peters's relationship with Chambers as follows: "If anything more than Peters's smile was involved in confirmation of Chambers's activities, we are given no evidence of it in *Perjury*." The confirmation was not Peters's smile alone, but rather his smile combined with his self-conscious and obvious lies. Thus Peters denied having known Maxim Lieber, yet Lieber described for me (on tape) Peters's role in the underground and their meetings with Chambers while working on a journalistic front for a Japanese spy ring. Then Peters denied having ever met Zabladowsky, despite the latter's statement to my researcher and, earlier, to a congressional committee about having delivered a message from Chambers to Peters. Peters even denied knowing Lee Pressman, who mentioned a number of meetings with Peters as head of the CP underground in interviews with the FBI. Peters also denied ever having known or worked with Chambers in espionage networks, despite the fact that the latter described Peters at length in an unpublished 1938 article on the Soviet spy rings which I found and from which I quote in *Perjury*.

The recantations by the six interviewees Navasky searches out are just as egregious. Perhaps the most striking denial comes from former Communist and literary agent Maxim Lieber. Lieber now claims that he never said he had read Chambers's memoir, *Witness;* that he never said he had been a member of "any underground" and, specifically, that he never said he worked with Chambers on an underground project; that the project, the American Feature Writers Syndicate, had never been anything but an open attempt "to sell the works of my clients abroad"; that he had never identified J. Peters to me as the head of the underground; that he had never said he met a Russian named Colonel Bykov, Chambers's underground superior in 1938; that he had not been ordered by Peters and Bykov to search for Chambers in Baltimore after the latter's defection; and that he had never said that he warned Chambers about a Comintern agent named Otto Katz who was searching for him.

The last statement is an example of the irrelevant denial, since I cite an FBI statement—and not Lieber—as the source for Katz's meeting with Lieber. The remainder of Lieber's denials are outright falsehoods, discredited by a mass of material, including his own words in a tape-recorded interview and by letters he wrote to me in 1976. Lieber told me—and I have it on tape—that he had worked on occasional underground assignments when ordered by J. Peters to engage in these along with his "open" work as a literary agent; that one of these assignments was helping Chambers to organize the American Feature Writers Syndicate as a "cover" for a Soviet network in Japan; that he met with Peters and Bykov after Chambers's defection and was told to go searching for him; and that he saw Chambers later in 1938 when Chambers urged Lieber to defect. Lieber gave a physical description of Peters and, at both our talks, confirmed Peters's crucial role in the Communist underground.

At one point in the taped interview, Lieber admitted about his own role in the Writers Syndicate, "I was merely used as a cover." At another point, Lieber described the difference between Colonel Bykov and himself: "There was a person who was a professional. There's the professional. And we were amateurs. We were in it for love."

Another recanter is Karel Kaplan, a Czech archivist and former party official who studied the record of the political purge trials of the 1950s for the Dubcek government. A brave man who suffered imprisonment after the Russian takeover in 1968, Kaplan arrived in Munich in 1977 with thousands of pages of documents ferreted away from the Czech archives. At my first meeting with Kaplan in Munich in 1977 I was accompanied by another American professor, an Italian journalist and a translator. All those present heard Kaplan describe Czech and Hungarian secret police interrogations of Noel

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Fields, an admitted Soviet intelligence agent and former American State Department official. The Czech government had arrested Field and his wife in 1949, and erroneously accused them of being American agents. In his Czech interrogations, Kaplan told me, Field named Alger Hiss as "the other one involved" with him in Communist espionage in Washington during the mid-1930s (*Perjury* describes at length the relationship between the Hisses and the Fields). At a second meeting in Munich later that month, both an American correspondent and I taped Kaplan's reaffirmation of these facts. And in the May 24, 1977, issue of *Panorama*, an Italian newsweekly, Kaplan himself wrote (in Italian, translated here into English): "The documents contained in the Czech archives confirmed the thing. Alger Hiss, shortly before he began a transfer to the Department of State where he started a rapid and brilliant career, maintained contact with the Soviet security service, as was later demonstrated during the trial and ordeal of 1949."

Two tape recordings, five witnesses, and a published article. Yet Kaplan now resorts to slippery denial: "N. Field testimony, as far as I can remember, did not contain any facts or explicit statements which would indicate that A. Hiss was delivering U.S. documents to the Soviet Union." But the book claims Kaplan said Field accused Hiss not of delivering documents, but only of "maintaining contact with the Soviet security service" as "the other one involved" in espionage.

The third recanter is Sam Krieger. He too is on tape, and his words are also quoted verbatim, where they appear in *Perjury*, from the two interviews in 1974. Krieger denies having told me that he posed as Clarence Miller during the Gastonia, N.C., textile strike, and later fled to the Soviet Union. But I never say in the book that *he* told me that. I learned these crucial facts from FBI documents and from conversations with two people who had been contacted by an emigré Russian woman whose mother had lived with "Clarence Miller" in the Soviet Union during the 1930s. In 1975 this woman visited Krieger and identified him as Clarence Miller.

The memoirs of Fred Beals, a fellow union leader and escapee to Russia, *Proletarian Journey*, which I cite in my book (p. 100n) contain a photograph of "Clarence Miller" which Navasky might like to compare—as I did—with the likeness of Sam Krieger. Krieger's letter carefully avoids denying that he was "Clarence Miller" or that he fled to the Soviet Union. Krieger is wrong in claiming that I cite him as the source for statements about Chambers's admission to CP membership. On page 600, note 59, I clearly identify Chambers as the source. Similarly, I specifically cite an FBI report (p. 600, note 61) as the source for Chambers's assertion that he briefly joined the IWW. Although I don't use this in the book, I have Krieger on tape saying: "I think what he (Chambers) wrote in his book (*Witness*) about his experiences the first years that he joined the party, it's more or less factual."

Furthermore, despite his protestations to the contrary, Krieger also told me (on tape) that he believed: 1) that it was "probable" Chambers organized government officials into a CP "study group" and collected funds from them; 2) that Chambers received material from government officials: "I guess most of the things that are known would tend to indicate that he carried on his activities and his relationship right up to the end of '37"; 3) that Hiss had probably given money to Chambers for CP purposes, that "Hiss's statements (in 1949) were very unconvincing," and that Hiss "wasn't admitting to a close, to a much, much closer relationship" with Chambers.

Why does Krieger now deny his taped statements to me? Perhaps a letter he wrote me in December 1975 offers an explanation. Shortly after an article of mine on Richard Nixon's role in the case appeared, Krieger wrote that he was "distressed," because my article "wasn't decisive enough in branding (Hiss's) conviction a frameup. Don't the 'files' confirm this conclusion? I do hope that the two days we spent in tape recording will help to prove that Alger was framed and a victim of McCarthyism. Otherwise, I was given a bum steer and my time and trouble was for nothing."

A fourth recanter is Paul Willert, an Englishman who was head of Oxford University Press in America in 1938. He briefly befriended Chambers after Chambers defected from the CP, and gave him work as a translator. Willert now says references to his role were "inaccurate, untrue or half truths." He also denies having been a member of the Communist Party, which I have never said that he was.

Willert now denies having momentarily "protected" Chambers by warning him about an inquiry from a visiting European Comintern agent in late 1938. But Willert confirmed this for me in our interview. And in any event, Chambers wrote a letter to Professor Meyer Schapiro in 1938—I have a copy—stating: "I feel I should be grateful to P. W. [Paul Willert is identified elsewhere in the letter] for what amounts to a warning, and what he must have intended as such." Furthermore, in the Hiss defense files I found a memo dated August 28, 1951, of a lawyer's interview with Martin Gumpert, author of the book Chambers had translated for Willert: "Dr. Gumpert has told me that he has a vivid recollection of Willert's telling him that he could not meet the second translator [Chambers] as he was in hiding from the OGPU."

Willert now denies having known that Otto Katz, the visitor hunting for Chambers, had underground Comintern ties and was anything but a simple fundraiser for Loyalist refugees. But on April 20, 1942, Willert's wife Brenda wrote to Malcolm Cowley (a letter in Cowley's papers at the Newberry Library) on Paul Willert's behalf while he was in British wartime service. Outraged over slanderous attacks that Katz had launched on Gustav Regler after the latter's defection from Communism, Willert and Arthur Koestler had been writing American literary friends pointing out Katz's role as a CP agent. Mrs. Willert reminded Cowley that her husband "also wrote a letter to you" stating, among other things, "How extremely shocked and upset opinon over here was that Otto Katz-Brader-Simon [Katz's pseudonyms] and his friends should still be playing the same dirty game."

Ella Winter, the fifth recanter, now lives in England and apparently denies that she told me Chambers tried to recruit her for underground work. Winter asserts that she "never had any idea that 'Chambers' was an underground courier" and avows that Lincoln Steffens (to whom she was then married) "knew nothing whatever of Chambers's nefarious activities." That Ella Winter was approached (unsuccessfully) both by Chambers and his superior in Soviet Military Intelligence, Alexander Ulanovski, was confirmed for me by the latter's widow, Nadya Ulanovskaya, whom I interviewed in Jerusalem. And in my interview with Ella Winter in 1975, she described in detail Chambers's efforts to recruit her. On the question of whether Steffens knew of Chambers's "nefarious activities," I did not state in the book that he knew. I merely speculated that he

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might have, given Steffens's close relationship to Robert Cantwell, who *did* know, and Steffens's use of one of Chambers's pseudonyms in a letter written to him.

Perhaps the most puzzling disavowal comes from the sixth recanter, Alden Whitman, formerly with *The New York Times*, who now has "no recollection" of having checked out for me a 1968 Chicago dinner party at which Mrs. Hiss was reported to have said that she was "sick of all the lies and coverups." Not only did he do just that but the quote in my book is from a letter written to Whitman, of which Whitman gave me a copy. The reason I never asked Mrs. Hiss about the dinner party, despite eight luncheons and a dozen letters between us, is that I knew she would refuse to discuss it, as she had refused to discuss directly any aspect of the case.

Whitman planned to write a book himself on the Hiss case. When he abandoned that project, he agreed generously to share certain research materials with me and to assist in my project. Whitman helped locate several key figures for me, among them Joszef Peters, Maxim Lieber, and Sam Krieger. Whitman also arranged for my initial introduction to Priscilla Hiss, and he agreed further to interview her former sister-in-law, Mrs. Capers. Letters to me in the fall of 1974 document all this quite adequately. In that same period, I discussed with him the controversial dinner-party remarks. Whitman agreed to check these statements out with Mrs. Capers and, shortly thereafter, I received from him a "Dear Alden" letter of December 7, 1974, from which my book quotes.

So much for the recanters. Let me also briefly correct just ten of Navasky's many distortions of my research.

1. *Allegation:* Navasky challenges my status as a former Hiss supporter, converted by the weight of the evidence. "If he did believe Hiss to be innocent, he never said so in print." Fact: Untrue. Navasky, here as elsewhere, is playing with words. He knows that I argued Hiss's *probable* innocence in articles, reviews, and portions of a book from 1969 to 1974. An example (*Commentary*, June 1970): ". . . both Hiss and Chambers told a number of whoppers in their appearances before HUAC and the trial courts, and . . . the many significant misstatements made by Chambers in his contradictory versions of the episode throw into question his two essential claims: namely that Hiss had not only been a Communist co-worker but also the official who stole that curious mish-mash of government documents unearthed in 1948."

2. *Allegation:* "Weinstein neglects the following problems in the Bykov stories. . . ." *Fact:* Untrue. All of the difficulties in identifying the Russian spymaster, Colonel Bykov, raised by *five* people who dealt with Bykov in the spy ring—those Navasky raises and still others—are discussed in a column-long backnote on page 615 of *Perjury*, citing new and unpublished material on this question.

3. *Allegation:* "Weinstein's handling of the depositions, interviews, and papers of novelist Josephine Herbst" constitutes a "blatant omission-distortion." *Fact:* Navasky himself distorts the clear and incriminating depositions of Herbst to Hiss defense lawyers and of letters exchanged with her husband, a member of the underground Ware group. Navasky tries to wriggle away from the fact that Herbst *confirmed* Chambers's meeting with Hiss to recruit him for that group in 1934, *confirmed* the group's occasional theft of government documents, which she dismissed as "busy work," and (by her own testimony in a letter to her husband) lied to the FBI about her knowledge of the Ware group. Hiss's lawyers knew the first two items and never used Herbst as a witness. Readers seeking a prime example of Navasky's distortions of my book should compare his "summary" of Herbst with the pages on her in *Perjury* (pp. 137-141).

4. *Allegation:* Alger Hiss did *not* "deliberately [mislead] the FBI, the Grand Jury, and the two trial juries about his knowledge of the Woodstock typewriter's whereabouts" in 1948, because "the Hiss legal memorandums . . . document four simultaneous typewriter searches for three typewriters." *Fact:* The defense files document a search for only *one* "old office machine" owned during the 1934-38 period in which the Hisses knew Chambers, a machine identified by Alger Hiss and Priscilla Hiss themselves in this fashion (pp. 289-91 of *Perjury*). The entire story of Alger Hiss's "Woodstock coverup" is on pages 282-295, 386-397 and 404-411 of my book. Navasky seems not to know why Hiss despite claiming interest in locating the machine, tried to keep it from being found by his lawyer Edward McLean. The answer is on page 305, told to McLean by a lawyer for another witness in the case, a former US attorney: "the government's case would not be too strong if they do not have the typewriter and have to rely only on samples." Hiss's "old office machine" was identified by both him and Mrs. Hiss as her father-in-law's Woodstock by December 1948, (pp. 290-291).

5. *Allegation:* Weinstein "omits any mention of the defense's ultimate claim . . . by a chemist . . . who tested the papers and the envelope and asserted that they lacked the markings and chemical stains which would inevitably accompany ten-year storage." *Fact:* Dr. Daniel Norman's research was *not* the defense's "ultimate claim" but one of many made in the motion for a new trial following Hiss's conviction. Lane's motion is discussed at length in my appendix (pp. 569-575), including the following sentence: "Lane's experts also claimed that spectroscopic and internal analysis of the Baltimore documents showed . . . that they could not have been kept for ten years in a dumbwaiter-shaft package as Chambers claimed. . . . But government analysts showed that stains on the envelope in which the documents had been kept matched those taken from inside the dumbwaiter." Dr. Norman's contentions also were contradicted (as the book shows) by *pre*-trial *defense* experts (and by FBI examiners) who confirmed that the paper used to type the stolen documents had been a common stock from the 1930s and who raised no questions regarding any supposed missing "markings and chemical stains."

6. *Allegation:* "He has Chambers working at *The Daily Worker* in New York two years before the paper was published there." *Fact: The Daily Worker* in these years maintained an editorial office in New York throughout this 1927-29 period. That Chambers worked there has been confirmed by many Communist associates, including the following: Sam Krieger (on tape), Sender Garlin, an associate on the paper (in a defense file memo), Jacob Burck, then on *The New Masses* (in an interview), and most recently by Mrs. Bertram Wolfe, whose husband—then managing the paper in Manhattan—*hired* Whittaker Chambers (letter from Mrs. Wolfe).

7. According to Navasky, Alexander Trachtenberg, Max Bedacht, and Charles Dirba—all high-ranking Communists—denied knowing Chambers as a Communist underground member and denied participating themselves in the underground. However, Chambers and the wife of his Russian spymaster both tell the same account of Chambers's

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recruitment into the underground, and Bedacht's role in it. Also, Alden Whitman's June 1974 memo of an interview with long-time CP leader Gil Green states: "Mr. Green replied that he was intimately acquainted with both Alexander Trachtenberg and Max Bedacht and others who might have selected persons for special work." (The term "special work" was used by CP activists such as Green as a euphemism for underground assignments.) Furthermore, I cite a defense memo by Edward McLean, who interviewed Sender Garlin, in which Garlin confirms that Chambers had disappeared in 1933 and "gone 'underground'" for such "special work."

8. Navasky also denies that Mrs. Katherine Wills Perlo, Victor Perlo's former wife, confirmed the existence of a Communist underground group in Washington in which her ex-husband figured prominently: "contrary to Weinstein, Mrs. Perlo's letter . . . never alludes to either 'espionage' or 'underground activities.'" On the contrary, Mrs. Perlo's letter contains a long list of people engaged in secret Communist activities. And she later confirmed specifically, during talks with FBI officials, their involvement in espionage. According to Lee Pressman and others, Victor Perlo was a key member of the secret "Ware Group." Mrs. Perlo's letter confirms her husband's leadership role in the group after Ware's death, as does Earl Latham's book, *The Communist Controversy in Washington* (pp. 159-167).

9. Navasky has two 1973 letters which I wrote Attorney General Richardson and which are now exhibits in my Freedom of Information Act lawsuit. Navasky cites a passage from my letter requesting the "Rosenberg" files to "prove" that I "was not quite as scholarly" on my *Hiss* research as I seemed, and that I did not enter the project with an open mind. Yet, in the letter I sent (August 14, 1973) requesting the *Hiss* files, which he neither mentions nor cites though it was equally available to him, I state that given "the unresolved questions raised in my *American Scholar* article and by other historians, there seems to me no reason to delay scholarly access to those files any longer. . . . As my *American Scholar* article and other writings of mine on the Cold War era will substantiate, I have no particular axe to grind either on this case or on any other aspect of the period."

10. *Allegation:* In *Perjury*, I describe at length the role of Donald Hiss, Alger's brother in covering up the fact that in February 1949 he and a former Hiss maid's son located the person who then owned Alger's old Woodstock typewriter yet for two months kept this crucial fact from the Hiss attorney who was leading the hunt for the machine. Thus in April this lawyer, Edward McLean—unpaid by Donald Hiss—had to retrace the same sequence of interviews Donald and Mike Catlett had conducted in February before finding the Woodstock's whereabouts. Instead of rebutting these incriminating facts, Navasky complains lamely, "But Weinstein never discusses *in detail* [emphasis added] a February 26, 1951, memo in the defense files which gives Donald Hiss's version of the episode. . . ." And Donald Hiss complains to Navasky that, in our interview, I "made no mention whatsoever of the typewriter or my search with Mike Catlett for it." *Fact:* I discussed Donald Hiss's version of the hunt for the Woodstock typewriter with him at great length. He merely reiterated his earlier, familiar claims. The full story of locating the Woodstock—including the February 26, 1951, and other defense memos—appears on pages 228-295 and 386-397 of *Perjury*. When I interviewed Donald Hiss in 1975, I still had not pieced together the full story of the cover-up, but it seems unlikely, in any event, that he would then, or later, acknowledge his complicity. Apparently he has decided not to do so.

Navasky's article also contains many "simple errors of fact" of the sort he could have easily checked out. Thus *Perjury did* describe State Department official Walter Anderson's testimony that dozens of copies of departmental documents were circulated (pp. 434-435). Though Gardner "Pat" Jackson "never worked in the same office as (Jerome) Frank," Navasky must know how intimately these two men collaborated at the AAA and elsewhere throughout these years. (See Alger Hiss's memo on Gardner Jackson at AAA in the defense files on this point.) Depsite Navasky's curious insistence that I should have taken Chambers's word in the one instance of the date he re-entered the Communist Party (Chambers said 1932), while challenging my citation of Chambers for any other matter, *Perjury* cites much evidence—including an announcement of Chambers's "official" status in the July 1931 issue of *The New Masses* which he joined as an editor—that the date was really 1931. Navasky also distorts my point that HUAC interrogators did not know until he appeared the specific names (including Hiss's) to be mentioned by Chambers and the *specific* charges he would make. Finally, in one of Navasky's most calculated omissions: "He (Weinstein) has Chambers telling that he defected 'in 1938' when on eight different times that day (August 3, 1948) he gave the date as 1937. As Navasky knows, I wrote in *Perjury* (p. 19): "Chambers later admitted inaccuracies in his original August 3 testimony and in some statements at the August 7 hearing. Thus he met Hiss in 1934, not '35, and his defection from Communism came in 1938 rather than in '37." A mass of documentary evidence, detailed in my book, supports the 1938 date. Navasky apparently prefers to think Chambers left in 1937, which would mean he could not have received stolen documents from Hiss, later on. But the fact still remains that Navasky's preference was not a sufficient justification for him to have distorted the facts of my book here as elsewhere.

Two years ago, I wrote that "newer and perhaps more ingenious defenses of Hiss will soon follow." Thus far, I have been wrong. Navasky's complaint, which he calls an "investigation," is as old as the initial Hiss defense campaign in style, tone, content, and (in some cases) personnel. It is merely the latest variant of what the late Professor Herbert Packer called Hiss's "alternative pleading": "the kind of argument that lawyers make when they do not have a case: The defendant was not there; but if he was there, he did not do it; but if he did it, he was insane; but if he was not insane, he had provocation."

The remarkably disorganized character of Victor Navasky's "investigative" article is a reflection of his and his advisors' desperate culling of *Perjury* to rip out of context or to distort *anything*, no matter how trivial, in an attempt to undermine the whole study. But this accusatory smokescreen cannot conceal from the careful reader the total absence of real evidentiary "fire." Navasky's assertion that only his "independent" investigators, as distinguished from readers and other reviewers whom he disparages as "generalists," can be trusted to draw the proper conclusions about *Perjury* is a facile ploy: "Hiss's defenders are termed "independent" while disagreement with Hiss becomes *prima facie* evidence of ignorance. I can only suggest, modestly, that interested people read the book carefully and make up their own minds.

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Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Stars in Their Courses

September 30, 1955 (Universal). James Bridges is getting to be an accomplished half-baker. Five years ago he wrote and directed *The Paper Chase*, a film about Harvard law students that did some good work on the quiet terror of academic pressures but that wobbled increasingly as it went and didn't know how to finish. Now once again Bridges has chosen a good premise, started promisingly, and defaulted.

The title-day is the date of James Dean's death. The moment you know that, you know something of what to expect, but you expect it with some hope, not droopiness. It's going to be set in a small town, inevitably, and the central figure is going to be an adolescent who has connected with the Dean persona in the way that an Athenian adolescent might have connected with Alcibiades. Bridges only half-satisfies us, however. It's not because we can predict the plot, it's because he runs out of plot about halfway through: which is to say, he knew he had a good subject but he didn't know what to do with it. A Bridges film is like Chaplin's dive in *Modern Times*—a good springboard and a leap into a shallow puddle.

The boy, very competently played by Richard Thomas of TV fame, explodes with anguish when he hears the news of Dean's death, and his anguish is the talisman that divides his friends in his Arkansas town between those who "understand" and those who don't. But after a first flurry of affectingly silly efforts to memorialize the occasion, the script begins to grab at stuff to keep itself going: class-consciousness in the town, pranks in a cemetery, and at the last a serious accident that scars a girl for life. From the aspect of the picture's theme, that accident is gratuitous. If it was meant to echo Dean's accidental death, it doesn't. Dean was deliberately risking his life; his risk was part of his life. This Arkansas accident is the result of high school low-jinks. And after a polite tear or two at the girl's bedside, Thomas is off on his Dean-type motorcycle for California. So far as we can see, the only effect of Dean's death is to turn him permanently into a Dean fan. It's all just Andy Hardy 20 years later.

It's not enough, particularly when you consider how such an American playwright as Sam Shepard is using pop culture—films and rock and SF—to probe and dramatize, even epitomize, lives of young people like Bridges's hero. This film just fritters away a potentially moving, even revealing opportunity. We know no more, we feel no more, about the effect of such figures as Dean after Bridges's film than before it.

Gordon Willis has photographed with color that is meant to look like 1955 color. This device, which was used in parts of *The Godfather* to suggest home movies, is also half-baked and fallacious. Why didn't they record and edit the film in a 1955 manner as well?

Straight Time (Warner Bros.) One more of those pictures that are overpraised just because they're not atrocious. Alvin Sargent, Howard Bunker, and Jeffrey Boam wrote the screenplay from Bunker's book about an ex-con which I haven't read, but whatever the original is, this screenplay that needed three writers is a trite affair about the professionalism of the professional criminal, by now a much-munched subject, and its been spiced up with an incredible love affair—very mod in tonality and as out of place in the film as if some pages from *Rolling Stone* were bound into *True Detective*.

About the direction and the editing there have been public controversy and legal action. Dustin Hoffman, the star of the picture, was (it's said) to have had full control of it, started to direct it himself, reconsidered and brought in his old friend Ulu Grosbard to take over the direction; and Hoffman is now reported to be unhappy with the cuts and changes made by the distributors.

I'm unhappy about the picture, too—whoever did what. Grosbard has been hovering on the edge of first-rate work ever since he directed *The Days and Nights of Beebee Fenstermaker* Off Broadway in 1962. His film work—*The Subject Was Roses*, for instance—has mitigated that promise somewhat, but he still manages to remain promising after all these years. In *Straight Time* he gets some good moments of intimacy: between Hoffman and his criminal friends, between Hoffman and his girl, the attractive Theresa Russell (wrong for the film though the scenes are). If Grosbard cast the picture, he did particularly well with Gary Busey and Harry Dean Stanton as crooks and M. Emmet Walsh as a Mr. Nice Guy parole officer. But Grosbard has settled for some cheap movie antics, like Hoffman fighting with the parole officer in a speeding car on a crowded L.A. freeway, the car slithering in and out of near accidents as per a bad Harold Lloyd imitation. The robberies owe something to Sidney Lumet and ought to owe more, and Grosbard certainly hasn't asked enough questions of the script.

Aside from the fact that we are asked to believe that Russell opts to be a

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Saturday Night Fever. John Travolta. Also the *mores* of juveniles in a city within a metropolis. Also John Travolta.

SK

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criminal's moll after a very brief acquaintance with Hoffman, there are factual sillinesses in the story. Hoffman is out on parole, slugs his parole officer and escapes, and continues to walk around the streets of L.A. openly. He doesn't even shave his moustache or cut his long hair, but he is never touched by the police. He commits a bank robbery unmasked and *continues* to walk around the streets.

This contravention of realistic behavior simply won't do in a picture that's trying to make some kind of realistic case, a proof of social determinism. ("They" won't let you go straight.) Besides even a determinist case needs characterological material, and we have absolutely no idea of who Hoffman *is*. The character says in effect: "What questions can you have? It's me, Dustin Hoffman, starring right along. What more do you want?" That's movie romance, not sociological drama.

He does well enough, but I think Hoffman is going to become more interesting as he gets older and has to do more character leads. He has been very good straight (*The Graduate*) and he has been pretty dull in characters (*Papillon*), but if you saw his crotchety Russian clerk in *Journey of the Fifth Horse* on stage or TV or if you remember *Midnight Cowboy*, you may perhaps be as anxious as I am for the time when he won't just come on *macho* and expect to occupy screen space thereby.

Madame Rosa (Atlantic). Simone Signoret looks disgusting, and it fits the picture exactly. It was made in Paris by an Israeli director, Moshe Mizrahi, who adapted the script from a novel by Emile Ajar. The novel won the Prix Goncourt, the film has just won an Academy Award. But if the film goes on to win the first Nobel Prize for Cinema, it will still be, in my view, disgusting, not to mention an offense to its subjects.

Signoret is an aged and ailing French-Jewish ex-prostitute in Paris who runs a one-woman orphanage, in her tiny apartment, for the children of prostitutes. Louis Malle might have called the picture *Pretty Babies* except that Signoret is trying to bring the kids up "straight." Inevitably one of the children is Arab—sensitively played by Samy ben Youb—so we get a neat little microcosm of a big world problem, in the pat and pointless style of *Black and White in Color*—another Academy Award winner!

The script drools with whores'-hearts-of-gold clichés. (What superior human beings all whores are, especially in European films.) It gets the kind of utility out of memories of the German Occupation and the death camps that George M. Cohan got out of the American flag. This Greer Garson sugarplum about abandoned wee ones, dolled up with Jewish touches and Paris touches and Grave Historical touches, would be sickening in any case, but its badness is aggravated by Signoret's grossness of person and performance. Every grunt and sigh, every self-indulgent worldly observation drips with the lard of hamminess. There is not one true moment, not even a moment of failed truth. Signoret is just out to lay it all on from Moment One, implying that this unknown director, lucky enough to have a big star in his picture, had just better stand back and shut up.

To comment on her appearance would lead to amateur psychoanalysis. I'll only say that, like Orson Welles, her grossness is a public declaration of privacies we could do without.

The cinematographer is the often-wonderful Nestor Almendros, who shows, as Sven Nykvist did in *Pretty Baby*, that fine cinematographers probably need fine directors in order to be fine cinematographers.

Michael Ullman on jazz

Recent Recordings

Just seventy, vibraphonist Red Norvo remains one of the premier performers on his instrument. He has had a remarkable career. He first led a band in the late '20s; he was with Paul Whiteman in the early '30s and in the middle of the decade he fronted a big band that featured his first wife, vocalist Mildred Bailey, a singer whose girlish voice served a musical intelligence that

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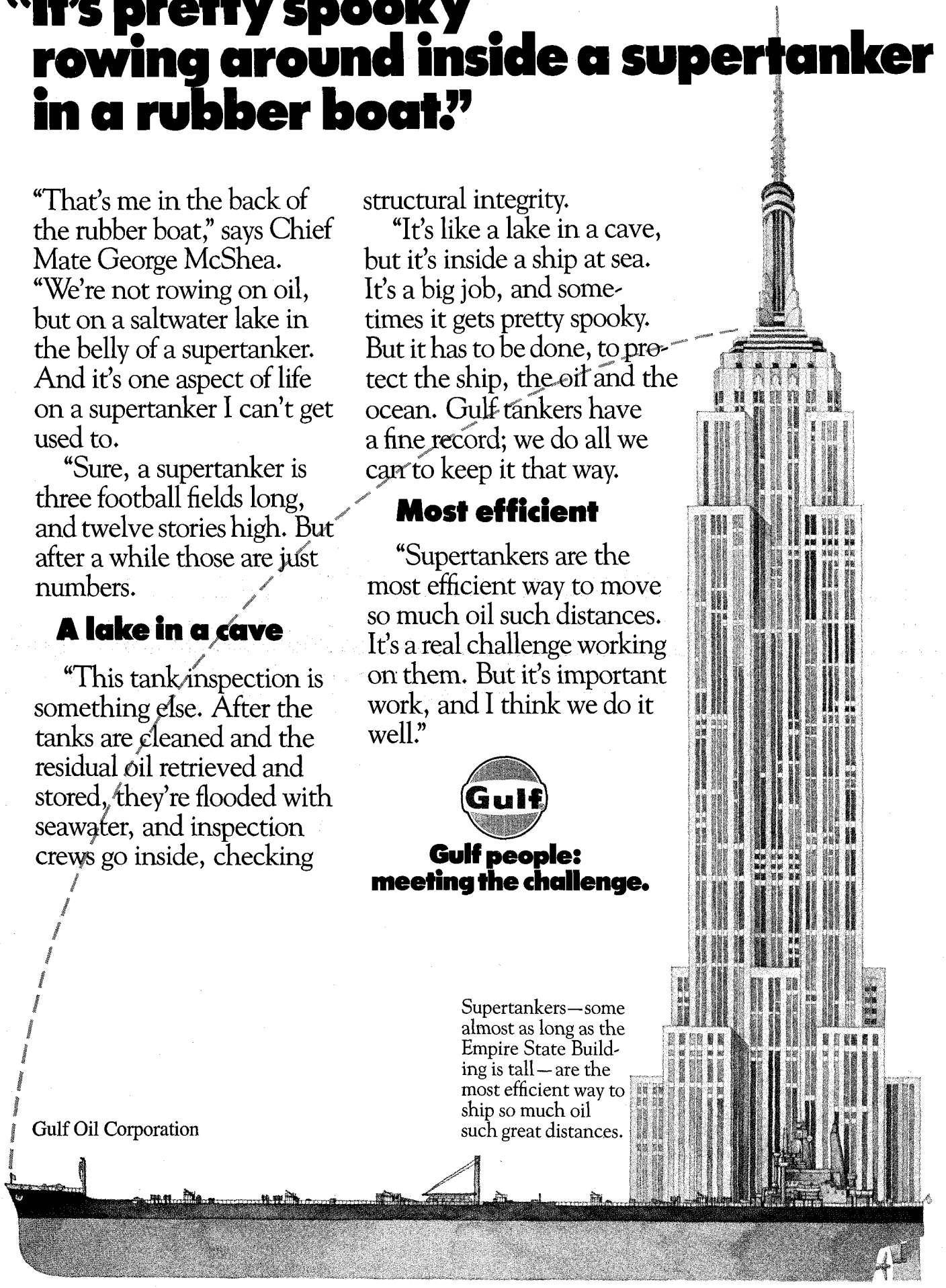

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made Billie Holiday call her the best of the white jazz singers. At first a xylophonist, Norvo switched to the electrified vibraphone in 1943. Two years later he recorded with Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie in a session that showcased the younger stars and their new music, bebop. A player with his roots in swing, the older rhythmic style, Norvo has been intermittently adventurous in assembling groups: in 1950 he co-led a trio with guitarist Tal Farlow that included Charlie Mingus on bass. The combination produced a new kind of "chamber" jazz, subtle but rhythmically solid. The recordings of this trio, reissued by Arista (Arista/Savoy 2212), feature the trio's performances of well-known ballads, complemented by a sprinkling of such bop anthems as "Godchild" and "Move". Although he secluded himself at home in the West during much of the '60s, Norvo has recently been appearing at selected clubs. And he has been recording. Famous Door Records has just issued its third Norvo album, *Red In New York*, featuring the laid-back, Ben Websterish tenor of young Scott Hamilton and a rhythm section of Dave McKenna, Richard Davis and Connie Kay. On this pleasant, professional album, Norvo is playing a new set of vibes; it has a velvet, muffled sound. This album has a "lightly swinging" quality, as its annotator suggests: some listeners might prefer the more striking *The Second Time Around* (Famous Door HL-108) with its rhythm section of McKenna supported by Milt Hinton and Mousey Alexander. Hinton and Alexander are less decorous and subtle than Kay and Davis, but they push Norvo more effectively. Kenny Davern's soprano saxophone tilts the band's style towards Dixie.

Red Norvo by Michael Ullman

Other veterans have been making valuable recordings recently. I am intrigued by the imaginative pairing of tenor saxophonist Buddy Tate—whose big-toned, hard-edged but sensuous playing comes out of the Texas style that produced Herschel Evans and Arnette Cobb—with South African pianist Dollar Brand, known for his marathon solo performances that often link the tunes of Ellington and Monk with African melodies and rhythms. Brand's performances usually climax as he stomps out the tune "Bra Joe," opposing a heavy left hand to the melody, building a steady rhythm until he confounds the whole structure in a swirl of notes. Nevertheless, Brand is reticent on *Buddy Tate Meets Dollar Brand* (Chiaroscuro CR165). Tate's is the primary voice. Brand even sits out the performance of one of his tunes, "Goduki MFundi," allowing Tate to solo over the intricate rhythms of the composition. Tate sounds just as authoritative on the African melodies as on "Poor Butterfly" and "In a Sentimental Mood".

Marian McPartland's Halcyon Records has issued a concert recording from Buenos Aires that features the solo pianos of McPartland, Earl Hines, Teddy Wilson and Ellis Larkins. Somewhat

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disappointingly, Teddy Wilson offers his standard nightclub fare, from Gershwin melodies to "Flying Home"; one expects more from him than enervated snatches of "Rhapsody in Blue". Earl Hines is more daring, often seeming to play himself into a corner, as McPartland says in her notes, only to escape with "a series of whirling excursions." Ellis Larkins's performance is marvelous; quiet, thoughtful and intense, he plays such tunes as "Blues in the Night" as if he had never heard them before—his hesitations are as affecting as Hines's rushes of sound are breathtaking. McPartland herself has sounded better on other Halcyon albums: I recommend Halcyon 100, with her tender bluesy version of the ballad "New Orleans".

The "last of the Blue Devils", Jay McShann, featured the young Charlie Parker on several 1941 recordings for Decca. Now McShann has remade these tunes and others for a new Atlantic record featuring his own blues piano and vocals as supported by the saxophones of Paul Quinichette and Buddy Tate, by Joe Newman on trumpet, and by a sympathetic rhythm section. McShann's vocals are not superior to the originals by Walter Brown, as the annotator suggests: McShann lacks the reckless strength that is the key to blues shouting. But this is good time music, and it shows that McShann is a more subtle pianist than previous recordings might have led one to believe.

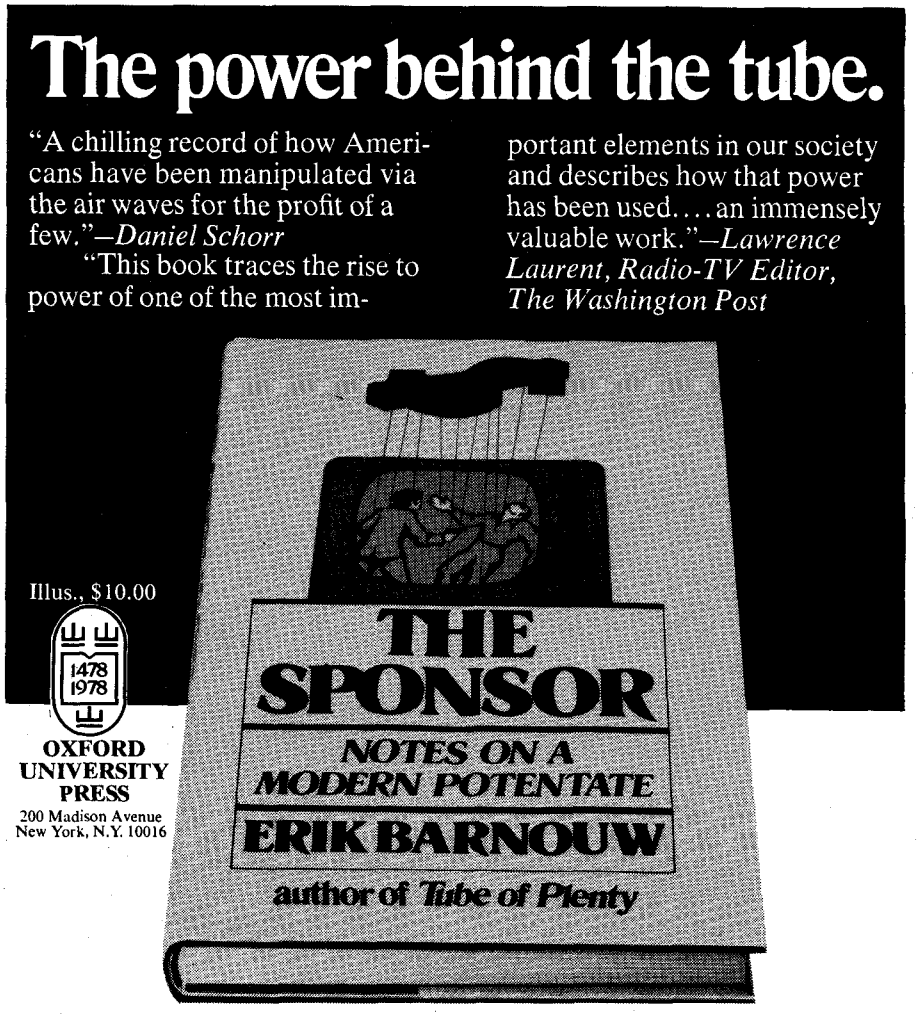
Tommy Flanagan has not recorded as much as he deserves. For years he has been accompanying Ella Fitzgerald, and until recently his fans have been forced to be satisfied with an album recorded in 1957 (Prestige 7632). Fortunately, though, two albums recorded in 1977 by Flanagan are now available. His set at the Montreux Jazz Festival was captured by Pablo (Pablo 2308 202), and even more recently, Inner City Records has issued a studio date, teaming Flanagan again with Elvin Jones (IC 3009). Jones describes Flanagan's sound: "Tommy Flanagan swings so deeply. And he's so compassionate. You always can hear the lyrics when he plays." Jones provides just the necessary stimulus to provoke Flanagan's best work.

Saxophonist Richie Kamuca died last July, before his most rewarding album was issued on Concord Jazz (CJ-41). Kamuca was a delicate player who chose his tunes with care, preferring sophisticated popular tunes and an uncluttered sound. On *Richie*, Kamuca is accompanied by guitarist Mundell Lowe, bassist Monty Budwig and drummer Nick Ceroli, and he plays songs such as "I Concentrate on You" in a supple style that owes something to Lester Young.

Big band fans have been cheered by the series of albums by the Toshiko Akiyoshi-Lew Tabackin big band, a group that appeared providentially as the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band was losing its most interesting soloists. Toshiko's latest, *Insights* (RCA AFL1-2678), features Lew Tabackin's tenor and Britt Woodman's trombone in the suite "Minamata", written by Toshiko. The suite begins with a Japanese song sung by a child. Its movements are entitled "Peaceful Village", "Prosperity and Consequence", and "Epilogue". In his notes Leonard Feather insists that these titles tell the whole story. The less cynical among us might wonder nevertheless what Consequence follows Prosperity. For what it is worth, "Prosperity" has something to do with cheerful bebop, and "Epilogue" includes a reprise of the initial song, this time intoned weirdly by a Noh artist. Unforgivably, RCA has not translated the song for us. And equally annoying, Leonard Feather does not suggest the meaning of the tragic tones that conclude the piece.

Although he is scarcely a household word, pianist Paul Bley has been recording under his own name since 1953. He has his own record label, Improvising Artists, and his most recent solo album, *Axis* (IAI 37 38 53), is one of his finest. It includes a rendition of Gershwin's "Porgy" as well as an engaging version of Prince Lasha's "Music Matador". Bley's piano has a large sound, and he is a versatile player with ample and varied technique; on this album he stops a sonorous rhythmic section of a piece to run his fingers lightly on the actual strings of the piano. He is not afraid of stopping suddenly to take a piece in a new direction, yet his performances are coherent and often fascinating. Improvising Artists has also released a record featuring the Paul Bley quintet of 1958: this band, which included Ornette Coleman, Don Cherry, Charlie Haden and Billie Higgins, offers us one of the earliest glimpses of the new music of Ornette Coleman. Everyone interested in the "new thing", now around 20 years old, will want to listen to this album (IAI 37 38 52). The sound on the recording is remarkably good, and the music is still fresh.

David Izenzon, a bass player known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for his keening arco performances with Ornette Coleman, has rarely been heard out of New York City. But he is featured with saxophonist Charles Brackeen on a new album led by percussionist Paul Motian (ECM 1-1108). Motian has played with Bill Evans for many years, and more recently has been heard with Keith Jarrett. He is a witty performer and composer. His "Calypso" is played by Brackeen over a seemingly incompatible march figure. "Asia" begins with some harmonics on Izenzon's bass that are joined by Brackeen's statement of a melody that sounds at times like "Amazing Grace". The whole is permeated by Motian's percussion—rattles, cowbells, and a gong. This is Motian's third album for ECM.

A member of the iconoclastic Art Ensemble of Chicago, Roscoe Mitchell has made an interesting album called *Nonaah* (Nessa N-9/10). It features three versions of the title cut as well as other compositions. The first "Nonaah" was recorded live in a concert in Switzerland. Mitchell was a last minute replacement of Anthony Braxton. One hears the announcement that Braxton will appear, and then Roscoe Mitchell begins to play while the crowd is buzzing angrily. Mitchell's response is to play one line of his theme repeatedly until the crowd realizes that he will not go on before they really listen. They cheer his audacity and he gradually begins to elaborate the theme: the listener feels as if he were released from a straightjacket. While the personnel on this record varies, none of the pieces presents a rhythm section. This is largely a saxophone album; indeed, the last version of "Nonaah" is arranged for four alto saxes. At its best Mitchell's performances present exciting confrontations: between instruments, or even between phrases. But when things are not going well in the music, the listener may feel he is eavesdropping on a tentative and awkward conversation.

Playing with Charlie Parker in the late '40s, Miles Davis often sounded indecisive—unable to play like Dizzy Gillespie, he had not yet developed a mature style of his own. Parker did not smooth things over for either Davis or drummer Max Roach. Roach remembers that Parker used to begin each set with an uptempo number that had everybody scrambling. Roach tells the story of meeting Miles at Parker's funeral. He approached the trumpeter and told him that Parker had died too soon. "Yes," Miles is said to have replied, "before we had a chance to get even." After Parker's death Davis played for a time with the Tadd Dameron quintet; Columbia has just issued a 1949 recording of a Paris concert of the Tadd Dameron-Miles Davis quintet featuring James Moody (Columbia 34804). The sound is adequate and the music striking. My only complaint about the record is with the MC, who announces emphatically in French during the first chorus of several numbers that Miles Davis is of the modern school, as is Tadd Dameron, that the tunes are quite modern, and, indeed, that the whole show, MC included, is of the "école moderne". The recording documents a remarkable fact: almost at the same time that Miles Davis was developing his "cool" style, the sound of the '50s, he was demonstrating in live performances that he had mastered the fluent bebop trumpet style pioneered by Dizzy Gillespie.

Carla Bley makes music that is political and comical, an odd combination. On *Dinner Music* (Watt/6) she takes her most attractive composition, "Ida Lupino," playing it daintily in the highest range of the piano, over the sound of people fixing dinner. She has written several drinking songs, one for Charlie Haden's *Liberation Music Orchestra* (Impulse AS 9183) and now another for her latest album, *European Tour 1977* (Watt/8). "Drinking Music" has a vulgar theme, played in sentimental style by an orchestra that sounds like a terrible German brass band. Its cockeyed, drunken rhythm is dominated by a too loud bass drum, and the woozy ensemble is assaulted by Roswell Rudd's braying trombone and Bley's clucking tenor sax. Just as funny in another way is Bley's "Spangled Banner Minor and Other Patriotic Songs", a piece reminiscent of her writing for Charlie Haden. "The Star Spangled Banner" is played in a minor key, and the arrangement pits maudlin single voices against pompous marching band clichés. The double time passage allows each instrumentalist to play the anthem of his/her choice, and there is a "free" section in the middle of the work. That section leads to a more sombre movement, and finally into new parodies. As usual on Carla Bley's records, Roswell Rudd is the major soloist. On this album the humor of the '60s is played by musicians of the present. (Watt records are available from the New Music Distribution Service, 6 West 95th St., New York 10025).

Meet the other writer in the Trollope family.

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THE LIFE, MANNERS, AND TRAVELS OF

FANNY TROLLOPE

A Biography by JOHANNA JOHNSTON

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*Library Journal

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Listeners interested in traditional blues will appreciate two recent records put out by Arhoolie. *You'll Never Find Another Man Like Mance* (Arhoolie 1077) captures a live performance of the late Mance Lipscomb, a saintly man from Texas who died in 1976. Lipscomb was a songster as well as a blues artist—he could play any kind of material, from "Blues in the Bottle" to "You Rascal, You". On this album he talks as well as plays, explaining to a Berkeley audience that in the '20s white folk did not enjoy the blues. To demonstrate the type of thing those people wanted to hear, he plays the "St. Louis Blues". Arhoolie 1078 is an album by the band of accordianist Clifton Chenier. This is rocking Cajun dance music, R&B with a French accent. Chenier plays waltzes, polkas and blues. On "Hungry Man Blues" he sounds like Muddy Waters with his Chicago band. But usually he sounds like no one else: Chenier can pull off a gutbucket waltz on the accordian, a seemingly impossible feat. Recently featured in a movie for educational television, Chenier should be heard.

Books Considered

And I Worked at the Writer's Trade: Chapters of Literary History by Malcolm Cowley

(Viking Press; $12.50)

Malcolm Cowley has known more writers than most of us have known ordinary bipeds, and for decades he has been a student of their curious habits. He began his studies at Harvard, where he was positively hemmed in by them, and then moved on to a marginal literary life in Greenwich Village, Paris and backwoods Connecticut, marginal in the sense that he starved a lot. By the time of the '30s he had not only met all the writers there were in those places, but he had taken on an editor's job, at *The New Republic*, that brought into his presence yet more writers, writers in the mail, writers bleeding for two cents a word. It must have been about then that he began to write *about* writers. He is still at it, and still doing well.

I'd say, though, that the '30s were the big life-moment for him, notwithstanding Auden's characterization of them (in "September, 1939") as a low dishonest decade. Though Cowley's most famous book, *Exile's Return*, was about the '20s, it was written in the '30s and under the spell of the '30s, the spell of the Depression, John Reed Clubs, the rest. His chief conclusion about the '20s was that they were, despite their excitement and ease, good years to be rid of literarily, since they had been years devoted to a kind of "religion of art." By the mid-'30s Cowley was thoroughly persuaded that artists could only truly fulfill themselves by being engaged social beings with serious social commitments. Forty years afterwards he is still, with suitably stern qualifications, so persuaded.

He lost faith in the USSR more slowly than most. As late as 1940 Edmund Wilson (who had given up the literary editing at *TNR* to Cowley about 10 years before, but who still contributed to the magazine) wrote *TNR* to say that it—and by "it" he must have meant, mostly, Cowley—had been "exhibiting a strange mixture of unwillingness to believe in Stalinist influence with unmistakable susceptibility to it." Wilson was upset about the "consistent disregard or denigration, in the *TNR* literary department, of books that [had] been critical of the Stalinist regime," and about "the contemptuous editorial attitude toward the Committee for Cultural Freedom" as well as the "treatment of the *Partisan Review*." In the very same issue Cowley displayed his ambivalence; he reviewed a bitter anti-Stalin book, *In Stalin's Secret Service*, by W. G. Krivitzky, by denouncing both Stalin and Krivitzky. He thought it contemptible of Krivitzky to throw away, opportunistically, the "comradeship with those who used to work beside him; love for the heroes of the Russian Revolution; reverence for

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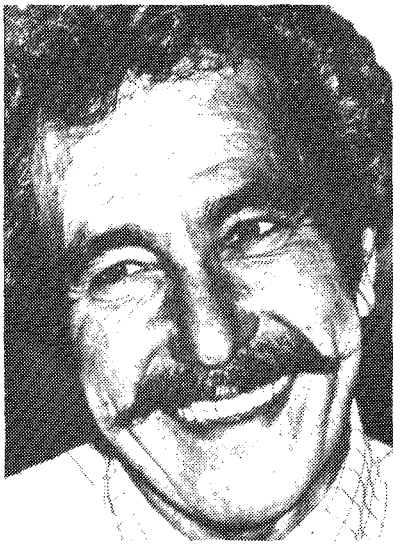

". . . this volume takes exception to the argument that most work is demeaning, debilitating, and dehumanizing. Schrank has been a furniture factory laborer, a plumber, a farmer, an auto worker and a machinist, so he is very familiar with so-called menial labor. But he has also been a union official, a business executive and the head of New York City's Mobilization for Youth under Mayor Lindsay, so he has a valid basis for comparison."
—*Publishers Weekly*

"Throughout the book Schrank retains a humane, common sense view of life that now allows him to deflate some of the more ponderous theories that his fellow sociologists have concocted about his fellow workers . . . you could wade through a dozen government, academic, or corporate treatises on the quality of worklife without reading such common sense, expressed in vigorous English, and always buttressed by actual—and often riotously funny—personal experience."
—*The Washington Monthly*

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the dead fighters in Spain and Germany" to enter "the embrace of Martin Dies"; but he confessed that Krivitzky's book belonged to "a series of writings and events" that had caused him to change his opinion of the USSR. He was saying, in other words, that he had reluctantly seen the light:

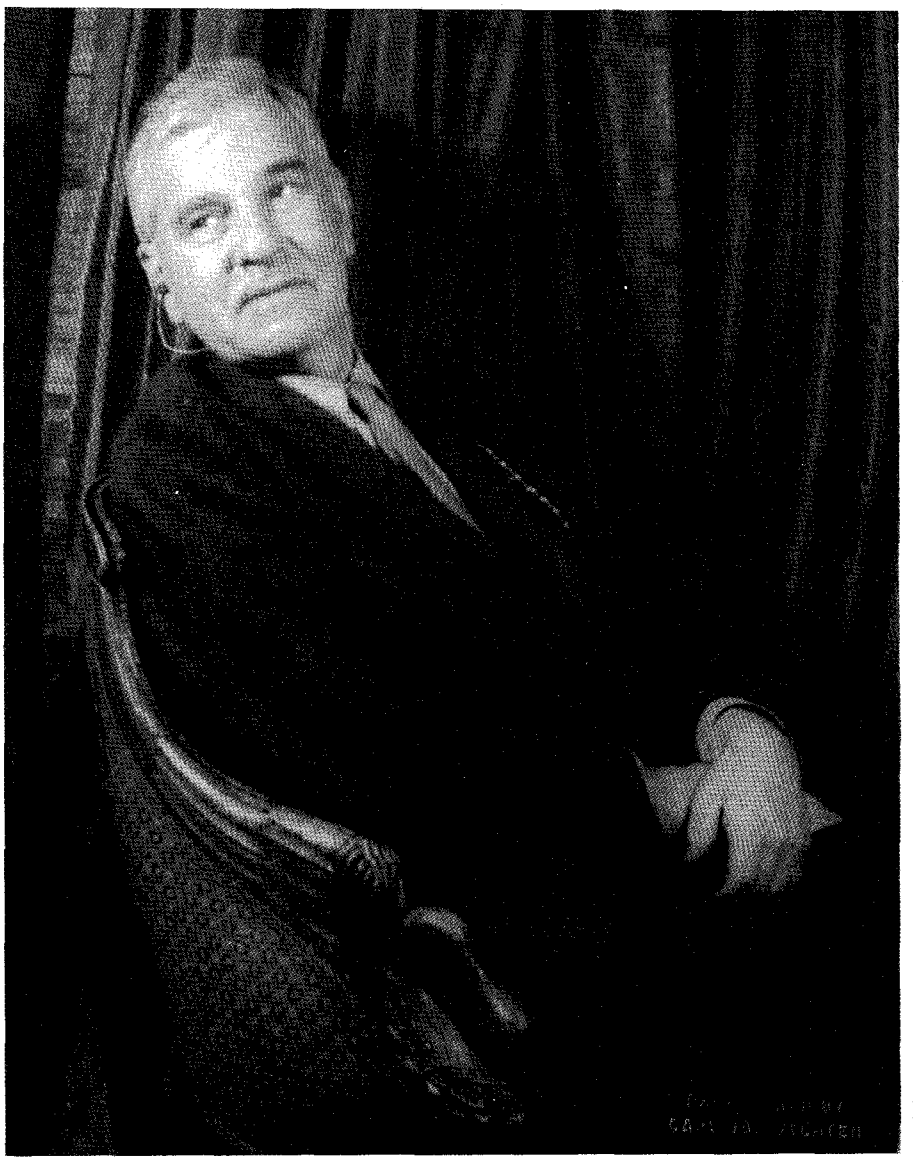
> *Only a few years ago the Communists were telling us—and with perfect justice—that Dutch Schultz and Al Capone were the natural products of American business methods. In the same way Krivitzky and scores of others like him are the natural products of the attempt to impose state socialism on a nation by means of the secret police.*

Only a week later (Feb. 4, 1940) he wrote personally to Wilson (the letter is included in his new book, in a short essay, "A Personal Statement") to elaborate on his ideological dismay:

> *I am left standing pretty much alone, in the air, unsupported, a situation that is much more uncomfortable for me than it would be for you, since my normal instinct is toward cooperation. For the moment I want to get out of every God damned thing. These quarrels leave me with a sense of having touched something unclean. . . .*

So there was Cowley *also* discovering that it was a low dishonest decade, a few months after Auden wrote his poem. Everybody was doing it, and presumably as a gesture of friendly (or unfriendly) cover-up the editor of a *New Republic* anthology published much later (Robert B. Luce, *The Faces of Five Decades*) declined to include *any* of Cowley's massive and brilliant writings for the magazine in that period. (He was represented by one innocuous piece written in the '50s.) Luckily Cowley himself has not been so discreet. There is extant a whole collection of his '30s reviews and essays for *TNR* (*Think Back On Us*, edited by Henry Dan Piper, Southern Illinois University Press, 1967), in which the low dishonest decade is sometimes displayed as that, but more frequently as a most earnest, high-minded decade. In the new book, similarly, Cowley favors the high, asserting that while many of the acts and statements glibly labelled as Stalinist in those angry days were indeed "unclean," many were just furiously anti-Hitler. At some length he tries to recast the old Marxist show, by labelling the players anti-Stalinists and anti-Hitlerites rather than Trotzkyites and Stalinists; and while he confesses that as an anti-Hitlerite he "could neither understand the other side . . . nor succeed in making [himself] understood," he says he has not since then changed his own position essentially, remaining convinced that "the only sound policy was to check Hitler by any possible means and with the greatest number of allies, including Beelzebub." Obviously there are those who would still choose to misunderstand him here, but at least his position, as he represents it, seems now hardly controversial.

And I Worked At The Writer's Trade appears to be an interim volume, a miscellany of essays assembled by Cowley the literary critic while Cowley the social historian works away at a full-scale reminiscence of the '30s, presumably a sort of companion volume to *Exile's Return*. The '30s are still in his blood, and a reader dipping into his essays can see why. As literary critic he is one of those



Malcolm Cowley by Carl Van Vechten

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old-fashioned admirers of themes and conflicts in poetry and fiction; he even likes to talk about what a writer is *saying;* and of course he especially likes to think of writers as engagée. For instance, in an amusing Hemingway essay directed against Hemingway's current detractors—those who would, Cowley says, chip him down to one story, or perhaps even one paragraph, preferably about fishing—he takes the unmodish position that *For Whom The Bell Tolls* is "the most complex and powerful of Hemingway's works." He is not, however, boringly committed to social solemnities. A secondary preoccupation of the volume is private reminiscence, especially about Harvard days and the literary friends made in early life, such as S. Foster Damon who introduced him to Laforgue, Amy Lowell and Jack Wirth's German Saloon, and Conrad Aiken who showed him what a writer could do with "flagrant wit and complete unself-protective candor."

Then there are the writers he came to know and admire later, notably Robert Coates and Erskine Caldwell. For readers who have already conned Cowley on Hemingway and Faulkner his essays on these lesser figures (if that is what they are; 70 or 80 million copies of Caldwell's books have been sold) will perhaps be the chief attraction of the volume. Cowley loves to talk, and talks well, about success; and with obviously successful writers he likes to mull over how they kept their senses *anyway*, if they did; while with the unsuccessful ones he concentrates on their disregard for fame and dollars. Aiken for instance "refused to cultivate the literary powers. . . . He bickered with editors, jeered at anthologists, rejected his own disciples one after another, and made cruelly true remarks about fellow poets who would soon take their revenge by reviewing his books," with the result that the publication in 1971 of "the work of a lifetime" (the second edition of Aiken's collected poems) produced sales, in that year, of 430 copies. Cowley is attracted by such numbers. He makes a good case for the talents and integrity of the neglected ones he deals with.

All in all he is inclined to think—and maybe this is the moral of the whole collection—that talent and integrity go together. That is, while there may be plenty of writers with integrity and no talent there are no writers with talent, real talent, and no integrity. He puts it curtly, quoting himself in an old journal: "No complete son-of-a-bitch ever wrote a good sentence."

I think most of us would like to believe he is right, and even if we have trouble doing so we can at least admire *his* sentence, partly because it is indeed a good sentence, and partly because it displays the faith of the man who wrote it, a long-term faith in the integrity of the writing trade, a faith plugging along through yet another low dishonest decade. How they do pile up.

Reed Whittemore

Reed Whittemore, a former TNR literary editor, is the author of *The Poet as Journalist* (New Republic Books).

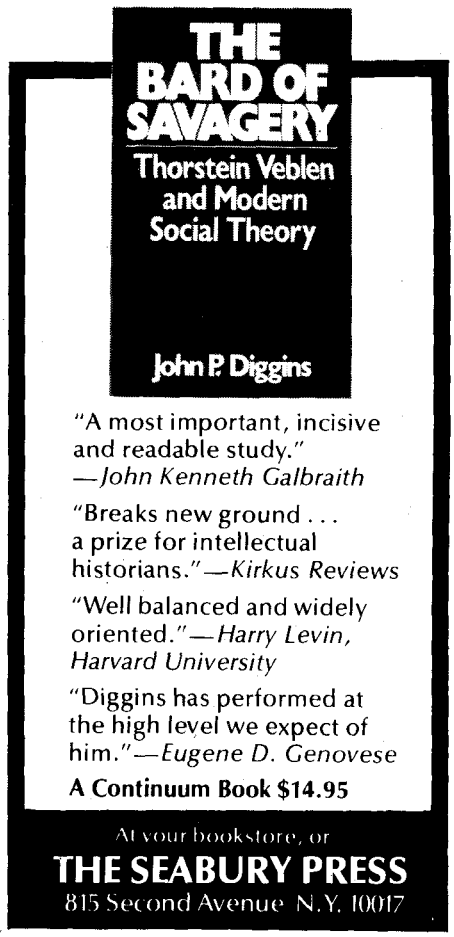
The World According to Garp by John Irving

(E.P. Dutton; $10.95)

Beginning with the decision of Jenny Fields (Garp's mother) to have a child without, as she puts it, locking her life and body to a man, the life of T.S. Garp unfolds through his years as son, husband, parent and writer (each is a primary theme), ending with his assassination at the age of 33. His mother, whose autobiography, *A Sexual Suspect*, makes her a hero among feminists, is also assassinated. Along the way many other people die, mostly in ways unlikely and bizarre, as if Garp's world were a slaughterhouse fitted up with funhouse mirrors, and his story a string of epilogues. Garp himself thinks of the novelist as "a doctor who sees only terminal cases," and his own death is later described as a scene "only Garp could have written."

With his wife and two small sons, Garp spends summers in a family house (later a feminist headquarters) on the New Hampshire coast. Because one of the boys, Walt, is very young, there is much warning about the undertow along this stretch of shore. The undertow, they remind him, is very wicked today; look out for the undertow. One morning they spot little Walt alone on the beach, staring intently into the moil of incoming waves. When asked what he's doing he says: "I'm trying to see the Under Toad." All along he had mistaken the proper term and had mythicized the fear it signaled into a creature of invisible but monstrous being. But in another sense Walt is right; and through the latter part of Garp's life, "it" slithers closer and closer.

The World According to Garp is John Irving's fourth novel in 10 years. It is his best, his most original, and nothing in contemporary fiction matches it. Some combination of farce and debacle is standard in much of recent writing (also in film), but Irving's blend of gravity and play is unique, audacious, almost blasphemous. The story in itself is so strong in compassion and humanity that Irving's obstinate frolic with fate seems nearly perverse, as if—and this does seem the case—the progress of his art,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novel by novel, were toward more intimate knowledge of, and possibly alliance with, the Under Toad. Irving's relish for German words, together with the way in which Vienna ("a museum housing a dead city") haunts everything he has written, gives an almost historical tremor to the pun on *Tod*, while the corresponding pun on *Unter* suggests a depth of being which Paul Tillich has called "the demonic," by which is meant life perversely pitted against itself, a will to mockery and mutilation, eruptions of exuberant spite.

These are the forces to which Irving has adjusted his vision, hence his insistence on bizarre events and sad outcomes—on stories "rich with lunacy and sorrow," as one of Garp's friends says—and also his faith, endorsed by Garp, that laughter is a species of sympathy. Anything can be dangerous, an element of self-parody resides in even the most pitiful moments, and anyone with children can tell what the "imagination of disaster" means. The Under Toad, Irving knows, is everywhere at home; and the aim of his art is to fix the perception of life's demonic undertow at exactly those points where, any day, any one of us might slip and be sucked down.

Irving's first novel, *Setting Free the Bears* (1968), is a tale of calamity and fun as two young men "liberate" the Vienna zoo. In the middle comes a more desperate story of maniac behavior in Vienna during the Second World War. While the "zoo bust" is a romp, the war with its erratic rummage allows that rapid-fire deployment of superbly wild detail which marks Irving's early style at its best.

Irving's second book, *The Water-Method Man* (1972), takes its young protagonist through two wives and a side trip to Vienna on his precarious approach to adulthood. Irving's most relaxed piece of writing, the novel is also an ingenious performance in juxtapositions. Script and scenes from a *cinema verité* film replay the story in parody; and against these, like the backstop of night, Irving unwinds the blood-and guts saga of *Akthelt and Gunnel*, an epic poem in "Old Low Norse," in which, as in cartoon-like dream, the Under Toad rules.

The 158-Pound Marriage (1974), Irving's third novel, is a black and ruthless book. Two couples decide to switch partners and their odd indulgences lead to such buffoonery and hatred that, having located life's perversity in the commonplace of adultery, Irving is free to push into the depths. No overt violence occurs, but things end badly, with a hint that one of the couples may have played this game before. Sex, in other words, is no longer an easy-going gift, as in the earlier novels. It has become a very complicated set of relationships, which in turn allows Irving a new penetration of character. And although the book takes most of its power from the tension between the two men, this is the first time that women in Irving's fiction start to *move*.

They certainly move in *The World According to Garp*, where rape, feminism (both wise and fanatical versions) and finally "sex reassignment" are central issues. One of the finest characters in the novel, before her sex-change through surgery, had been a pro-football star. Jenny Fields successfully resists her allotted "role," and in Garp's family Helen, his wife, is the one who goes off to work. Garp cleans house, cooks, worries about the kids, their colds, their safety on the streets. And when Garp finds himself dressed in drag, he finds out, first hand, how women are looked upon by men.

But in Garp's world, no reassignment will save one from life's lunacy and sorrow. Irving's novel, like Garp's "Grillparzer" story, depicts everything as a "ludicrous and doomed effort at reclassification." At the same time, Irving tells the story of Garp's family with great tenderness and wisdom. By tracing the relationship between wife and husband, and then again between parents and children (and how these two sets intersect to cause catastrophe), Irving is able to handle a large range of human hope and fear and final insufficiency. He is excellent in his portrait of Garp's sons, Duncan and Walt, whose view of their father is often hilarious, whose dialogue is true without fail, and whose vulnerability in a world of numberless hurtful things causes Garp a brooding, prophetic dread.

And then it happens: mid-way through the novel an accident occurs, infinitely improbable but absolutely fated by the behavior that brings it about, leaving in its wake death, dismemberment, and a world that for Garp grows darker, wilder, more open to demonic intrusion. Garp's mother is shot at a political rally, and Garp himself will die for writing a sensational novel about rape, which makes him famous but also enrages a group of radical feminists, the "Ellen Jamesians," whose sign is their amputated tongues.

Much of *Garp*, as I summarize, sounds melodramatic. Some of it is, but only by design. Irving can be very subtle indeed, but he also knows, and chooses to explore, the fact that life in its madder moments does tend toward melodrama. In Vienna, Garp watches his mother's murder on TV and thinks: "the event was an X-rated soap opera from start to finish." The problem with melodrama is that while those of us at a distance may laugh, those nearby are infected, overwhelmed, swept off the deep end.

After enough collision with craziness and pain, living becomes a condition of aftermath, of education in disaster which leads us to value any small rite or norm or proven good through which sanity and common sense survive. Of cooking, for example, Garp says: "If you are careful, if you use good ingredients, and you don't take any shortcuts, then you can usually cook something very good. Sometimes it is the only worthwhile product you can salvage from a day: what you make to eat. With writing, I find, you can have all the right ingredients, give plenty of time and care, and still get nothing. Also true of love. Cooking, therefore, can keep a person who tries hard sane."

One of the more extraordinary things about this book of bad luck is Irving's sense of thoughtful meditation, an effect enforced by the fact that everywhere in the novel we encounter quotations from Garp's writing, remarks spartan and exactly to the point, which become a sort of running commentary on the novel itself. A further consequence of this shared intelligence is loss of distance between Garp's voice and that of the narrator. In effect, the author of *Garp* is Garp, and just here, in the relation of the writer to his fictions, *The World According to Garp* grows disturbing.

Garp's novel about rape is called *The World According to Bensenhaver*, his novel before that was about "two married couples who have an affair," and his first novel was about setting free the animals of the Vienna zoo. There are also, if we can trust information on book jackets, outstanding parallels between circumstances of Garp's life and those of John Irving's. And as a kind of ironic capstone, among all the fine things Garp has to say about the novelist's art, his favorite theme is that "the *worst* reason for anything being part of a novel is that it really happened."

Fiction about itself is *the* thing T.S. Garp professes to hate most, and Irving is clearly playing, by way of parody, with this last gasp of modernism. But thereby he also toys with his own creation, and what makes this seem strange and upsetting is that he obviously cares—

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deeply and with much compassion—about the people in his novel. It is not impossible, in this book, to see implicit recognition of art's darker magic, some sense of the gnostic belief that even God lives in fear of His creations—as if Irving would have the terror of his vision put into the keeping of Garp, as the title suggests. *The World According to Garp* is brilliant, funny and consistently wise; it is a work of vast talent, but also exceedingly disquieting.

Terrence Des Pres

Terrence Des Pres is the author of *Survivor: An Anatomy of Life in the Death Camps* (Oxford).

Chance and Circumstance: The Draft, The War, and the Vietnam Generation by Lawrence M. Baskir and William A. Strauss

(Knopf; $10)

With all that has been said and written about Vietnam, it hardly seemed possible that there could be new revelations of fact. Perhaps new insights, as in a number of fine recent books, but not new facts. Yet it turns out there has not been, until this superb and important book, a thorough study of the draft which affected, often profoundly, the lives of 27 million American youths and thus the lives of many millions more: parents, wives and girlfriends, brothers and sisters, other relatives and friends.

Although I, like many others who hated the war, read everything I could get my hands on during those ghastly years, there was a great deal I missed because I was too old for the draft and not yet old enough for my son to be subject to it. There was a great generational struggle, one with an enduring effect, taking place that did not make the newspaper headlines or the TV news shows. We all knew about the Berrigans and the other dramatic, even melodramatic draft protesters, and the exiles in Canada and Sweden were a preoccupation of the pro-war forces, particularly Nixon and Agnew, and thus for the press.

But they were only a tiny fraction of those fighting the draft or, if they were already in the service, the military. Most of these struggles were private, known only to family and friends, by a conscious decision of the federal government which soon recognized that if the general public, particularly the draft-age kids, knew how severely the draft was under siege, the system, tottering near collapse, would be pushed over the edge to total collapse. The government tried to brazen it out and pretend that fighting the draft was a futile exercise when just the contrary was true. It fooled enough young men, however, especially the poor, the docile and the uninformed, that the draft staggered through until the calls began to dwindle with the agonizingly slow "winding down" of the war. Even so, as the authors demonstrate, it was a damn near thing.

It would be satisfying to report that this struggle was heroic but as the authors, high officials on Gerald Ford's Presidential Clemency Board, document, for most it was anything but heroic. There were some heroes, a few thousand of them, who put principles before expediency and either challenged the legality of the war—which almost invariably failed—or simply refused to be inducted and thus also ended up in jail. They thought that they would be joined by thousands, even tens of thousands more and thus bring the war to a halt. But it never happened and most of these brave men came to believe that although they had done the right thing, it was a futile, even stupid gesture, a useless sacrifice.

The fact is that with few exceptions even the most dedicated and outspoken opponents of the draft clung to their deferments and exemptions if they had them and resorted to deception and/or litigation if they didn't. In documenting this the authors, in plain and lucid language, write what is both a damning commentary on American capitalism

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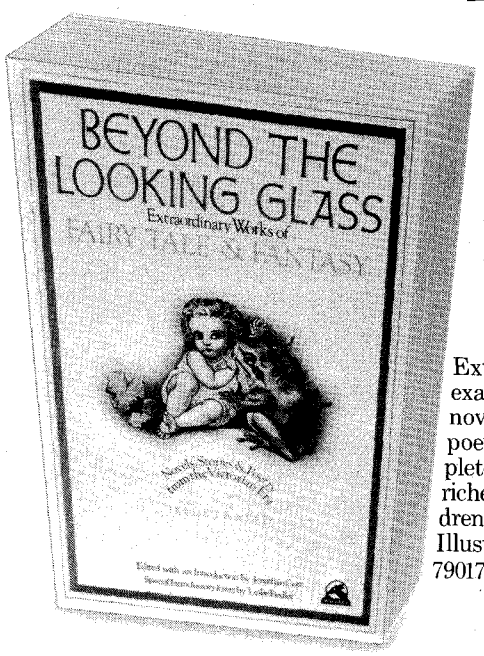

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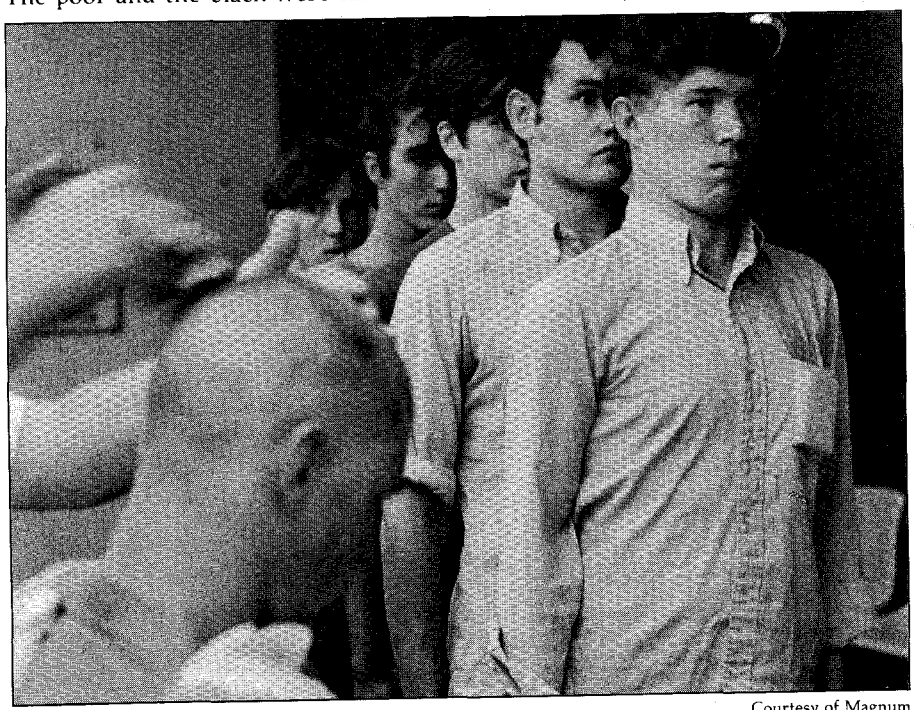
and a grotesque tragicomedy of the absurd.

The commentary on capitalism is perhaps obvious but it needs restating. The poor and the black were far more likely to be drafted, to be assigned to combat, and to die. The poor were three times as likely to die as those from high income neighborhoods.



Photograph by Hiroji Kubota

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As to the Absurdist nature of the Vietnam War, the authors offer both quantitative and qualitative evidence. Of the 4 million men who served during the Vietnam era—2 million drafted and 2 million enlisted, mostly to get a better deal than by waiting for the draft—more than 500,000 received less than honorable discharges, more than one out of eight! By 1972 the desertion rate in the Army and Marines reached 70 out of 1000, compared to 25/1000 even in the unpopular Korean War. The Air Force and the Navy had much lower rates because in the Air Force the fighting was largely done by career officers and the Navy was largely volunteer. "There ain't no Viet Cong submarines."

There were 1.5 million AWOL incidents and .5 million desertion incidents. These absence offenses added up to a million man-years, almost half the man-years American troops spent in Vietnam. In 1968, well before AWOL and desertion rates reached their peak, absenteeism was costing the military the equivalent of 10 combat divisions of 15,000 men each.

Also the services, desperate for men, were accepting officers and enlisted men clearly unqualified. Add to this the fact that by 1971, 22 percent of the men in Vietnam were using heroin and other hard drugs, that troops often refused to go into combat (one unit wore red bandanas to signal to the VC that they'd fight only if attacked); throw in hundreds of fraggings and the threat of many more and it's not hard to see why the Americans did so poorly against an out-manned and vastly out-gunned foe. It was a nightmare for the military and for those who so unwillingly served in it. (Incidentally, many of those hooked on heroin brought their habit home with them, another legacy of the war.)

While the struggle against the draft at home did not usually involve physical danger, it was often grotesque and usually involved serious psychic strains. First some figures. About 210,000 men were accused of draft offenses but of these, 197,000 escaped conviction. Of those who escaped, only about 3000 even went to trial; the cases against the rest were dismissed, usually because the Selective Service was grossly incompetent and often illegally arbitrary. Of the 13,000 convicted only a few hundred went to jail. If draft age men were fully aware of how little risk there was in draft evasion, Johnson and Nixon would have had no armies to send over to Vietnam. "What if they gave a war and nobody came?"

Hundreds of thousands evaded the draft by "legal" methods. College teachers often passed every man so they wouldn't be drafted. Many doctors falsified ailments, saving lives by keeping men out of the Army. Many men changed their lives to get deferments or exemptions, going to graduate school, entering seminaries, becoming teachers. Many got draft counseling or hired attorneys. A whole sub-specialty of law developed and the *Selective Service Law Reporter* ran to 6000 pages and outlined 400 successful defenses.

Needless to say, usually it was only the more sophisticated men—that is to say those from the middle class—who went to counsellors or attorneys. And many of these were deeply troubled that the people they most wanted to help—the poor, the black, the unsophisticated—seldom came to them. They recognized, too, that many of those they helped were not really against the war but just looking out for themselves.

Those who didn't seek legal ways to avoid the draft often used bizarre methods. Some, like Mark Rudd, the notorious SDS leader at Columbia, freaked out their draft boards. He claimed an exemption as a "professional revolutionary." When the board found that not to be an essential occupation, he announced he would pursue his profession in the Army. They found a way to exempt him. On the other hand, boards often drafted anti-war protestors but since punitive drafting was illegal, the draftee could fight it successfully—if he knew enough to.

One young man felt honor bound to use the same technique his grandfather had used to avoid conscription in the Russian army: he stayed awake a week before his physical. A college football player ate three large pizzas a night for six months, gaining not only 125 pounds but an exemption as well. There were many who mutilated themselves. Many were counselled how to behave as if they were psychologically unfit. Some feigned homosexuality. In one group the only genuine homosexual was the only one drafted. Those not queasy could draw blood with a syringe and swallow it just before the physical, thus feigning a stomach ulcer. And one desperate young man ran to a counsellor during the lunch break of his pre-induction physical. All the counsellor could suggest was that he piss on the desk of an examiner. He did and it worked.

One could cite so much more but the authors' greatest strength is in helping us understand that Vietnam generation that, although most of them never served, was ineradicably affected by the war. The authors are correctly convinced that the attitudes of this generation toward themselves, the nation, the world and especially the government are forever different from those of their

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parents, the World War II generation that now runs the country. Implicit in this fascinating study is the assumption that an impact even greater than the turmoil they caused in the '60s and early '70s will take place 10 or 20 years hence when the Vietnam generation succeeds to power in every sphere. Then we'll finally see what is the legacy of the Vietnam War. Whatever it turns out to be, Baskir and Strauss have shown us from whence it came in one of the landmark studies of the war.

Richard J. Walton

Richard J. Walton is most recently the author of *Henry Wallace, Harry Truman, and the Cold War* (Viking) and *The Power of Oil* (Seabury).

Legend: The Secret World of Lee Harvey Oswald
by Edward Jay Epstein
(Reader's Digest Press; $12.95)

Marina and Lee
by Priscilla Johnson McMillan
(Harper & Row; $15)

Lee Harvey Oswald may be one of the more magnetic men of our time, if the ever-growing body of superstition surrounding his brief and blighted existence is any report. Two more books can now be added to the Oswald literature. Designed for radically different purposes, the one is as mysterious as the other is lucid.

Financed by the Reader's Digest Press and released in the supermarkets last month, Edward Jay Epstein's *Legend* is an investigative squint at the CIA, packaged in a fanciful account of Oswald's career as a KGB puppet. Epstein won his stars in 1966 with *Inquest*, a rigorous scrutiny of the Warren Report, posing pertinent questions of the Warren Commission's cursory work. At the time Epstein was more interested in the nature of committeedom than in assassination plots per se, but this distinction was lost on conspiracy theorists who have been using Epstein's ammunition ever since. Having provided such grounds for doubt, Epstein now agrees that there was only one gunman at the scene of the crime and that that gunman was Oswald. Like the Warren Report itself, Epstein's new book attempts no psychology and proposes no motive. Instead it creates a vague illusion that Oswald was on mission from Moscow, without troubling to explain what interest the Soviet Union could have had in wishing to see Kennedy dead.

Studded with references to beautiful, often nameless, foreign agents, speculative footnotes and slight allegations, *Legend* stakes its hypothesis on a single disclosure. In 1964 a KGB officer defected to the US, offering information about Oswald in exchange for asylum. After three years of interrogation, the CIA buried the case, unable to disprove the claim that Oswald entered and left the Soviet Union on his own initiative and that the KGB considered him unemployable. To this day the defector hasn't recanted, yet Epstein insists he is a KGB plant, sent to the CIA with a cover story or "legend" exculpating the Soviets from Oswald's affairs. He spends a quarter of his book exposing the CIA's contortions over the case and detailing minor inconsistencies in the defector's report and the remainder of his script heaping as much doubt on Oswald's identity as the known facts of his life will support.

Skeptics are empiricists, and so Epstein submits Oswald's diary to a handwriting analysis (an obscure science he doesn't deign to discuss) and reports that Oswald's misspellings prove he was taking dictation. Thus attributed to KGB programming, Oswald's personality poses no more problems to Epstein as a writer. Oswald marches through *Legend* like a wind-up toy: his hair turns crinkly, his eyes go dead, his peregrinations make increasingly less sense. Epstein ascribes psychological impossibilities to both the

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Lee and Marina in a Dallas bus station photo booth (1962) Courtesy of Harper & Row

assassin and his wife, associating Oswald with endless women and giving Marina the mind of a political theorist. The author does not ask himself where Oswald came from or how he survived, but ferrets about in the more exotic chapters of his life. Epstein travelled to Japan and California, collecting a wad of unanalyzed impressions from Oswald's army buddies. He did not go to the Soviet Union but paints Oswald's life there as important and glamorous. In 1977 one of the more unstable members of the White Russian community that tried to befriend the Oswalds in Dallas shot himself in the course of a four day interview with Epstein—yet another clue the author boasts but dares not interpret. *Legend*, which purports to tell secrets about Oswald, tells us only that Epstein has authored a highly marketable parody: a spy yarn cloaked as investigative reporting, an anti-Soviet slur, and a dulling, disingenuous thriller about an implausible robot. However Epstein does provide evidence of what a more conscientious writer has in mind when she despairs over her colleagues.

Priscilla McMillan does not think Oswald took dictation. She suggests he couldn't spell because he was dyslexic. McMillan is the author of *Marina and Lee*, a careful portrait of Oswald's marriage, exploring the forbidden question as to why Oswald shot Kennedy. Thirteen years in the writing, McMillan's book probes the pathology of a solo-artist minutely and frankly—too frankly, it seems. When McMillan's publishers sent her on tour this fall, she provoked an outrage in the media with remarks like "There's a bit of Lee Oswald in all of us." Television audiences phoned in, calling her a liar, and the book trade put out word that her 13 year opus was not to be trusted. As a result, McMillan is an unread author with a national reputation as a government agent paid to dupe the American public.

McMillan is a scholar and should have stayed off television. Interviewed at home, she notes that conspiracy theorists are not good researchers: no one has ever confronted her with the fact that she once held a 30 day contract with the State Department when she was in Moscow, translating newspapers for the embassies and making her name as a foreign correspondent. Prior to that she had been a researcher for Senator Jack Kennedy, campaigned for Adlai Stevenson, and studied Russian in college. In Moscow she happened to interview Oswald when he signalled his defection to the American press. The next she heard from him was in Harvard Square on November 22, 1963, in the riptide from Dallas. Since then McMillan has become an assassination expert and writes psychoanalytically-minded articles on the subject for *The New York Times*.

As McMillan reads her Freud, conspiracy charges are more proof to her point. The knowledge that we are Oswalds is profoundly intolerable. Americans, she says, are a potentially pathological people who use conspiracies to wall out their individual truths. As a nation we are also regicidal. McMillan points to the past three presidencies: Johnson was booed out of a second term, Ford lost his election because he pardoned the man America wanted hanged. Chappaquiddick, too, was a "ritual killing." Faced with the headless corpse of American rulership, we can neither admit nor stop looking for the crime. Conspiracy cults are the way we participate, eyes averted, in the presidential slaying. This reflects in the polls, where 73 percent of the country is said to believe that Kennedy's death was a plot. It also reflects in the assassination field.

"You can see a historical progression in people who made their careers on the (Kennedy) assassination," she comments. "I think the first generation had a legitimate need; they couldn't bear the randomness of history. But these post-Watergate investigations are motivated by something else. The fascination is incredible; all this unresolved Oedipal material! Conspiracy theorists can go on elaborating their evidence forever. They have this tremendous need to look away from the assassin. Why do you suppose assassination research is such a male field?"

McMillan, let it be said, is a woman, and even she found Oswald difficult to face. If men need to insert a conspiracy between themselves and the assassin, McMillan sought refuge in Marina.

In 1964 she flew to Dallas and spent seven months with the assassin's widow, taking notes on everything she did and said and keeping her out of the headlines. McMillan comments: "Being a negative celebrity suits Marina fine.

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She got herself named Snow White with the dwarves for her performances in front of the Warren Commissioners. And then she had to go and sue for her husband's gun." But not a word of this in *Marina and Lee*, only long, sympathetic accounts of Marina's hardships as an illegitimate girl in Stalin's Russia and her childlike dependence on Oswald. McMillan admits that she wrote her book partly in answer to William Manchester, whose *Death of a President* put Marina in a pointedly tart light. But one wonders if Marina's reputation is so important as to warrant 300 lost pages of repairs—cut from a final manuscript that even as published dwells rather more on Marina than Oswald. All the same, between them McMillan and Marina have brought the assassin back to life. If we see him from a woman's point of view—as a man who spent the grocery money on guns—it helps to understand the extent of his pathology.

McMillan has done a nimble job of reconstructing the Oswaldian universe. Her book pieces together Oswald's ideology, his dyslexia, his daydreams, her petulant letters, diaries and tracts, and his savage behavior toward his wife. Oswald, we learn, read Dostoevsky and Pushkin, adored the opera and fancied himself a hero of the Left. He happened to be highly intelligent, but between his dyslexia and his contempt for authority, school was out of the question. He dropped out in 10th grade, read Marx in the public libraries, enjoyed telling people he was a Communist, and joined the Marines to get away from his mother, his emotional double. Both felt the world was out to get them and extorted charity wherever they could get it. Only where she juggled charge cards, husbands and orphanages, her son juggled governments. He weasled his way out of the Marines into the Soviet Union, where the authorities set him up with a factory job and a private apartment in Minsk. When Lee met Marina at a dance, he was able to offer her a relatively privileged life, but soon complained it was not good enough. He sent out a spate of demands that the US embassy pay his way home, telling his pregnant wife that his son the President must have a native birth. Oswald got daughters. A defector come home, he basked in the brief attention of the Dallas press and was made extremely nervous (and self-important) by routine government checks. Chronically unemployed, he spent hundreds of hours applying his dyslexic Marxism to paper, played with guns and beat up his wife, isolating her at home so that he could keep up his Russian. In reality his contacts with the Left consistently disappointed him, never got off the ground, gave him more odd ideas. Arrogant, lonely and horribly stingy, he turned increasingly reclusive, putting his wife and children up with friends and—not too surprisingly—kept no friends. The night before Kennedy came to town, Marina, his only stronghold, refused to come live with him. Oswald had already taken a shot at General Edwin A. Walker, Dallas's leading citizen on the Right. All it took at this particularly low moment was a presidential motorcade for Oswald to switch sights. He happened to admire Kennedy and had even read his Pulitzer Prize winning book; but at this point the missionary could not be stopped. Oswald had written and said many things to the effect that capitalism must be decapitated. He pulled the trigger and—for whatever we choose to make of it—hit Kennedy, who actually pantomimed an imagined attempt on his life the same morning he flew to Dallas. Such are the workings of the inscrutable fates—or as McMillan puts it, "the randomness of history"—in her beautiful book, a case study of an assassin that reads like a Russian novel, with its impeccable footnotes and all.

McMillan has done us the service of pointing out just how deeply the enemy lives within us. One closes her book pondering the odds that America has a sociological victim like Oswald on every block. Compared to this, the conspiracy question looks incidental. The question is not how many assassins can dance on the head of a pin, but what makes one dance, given a particularly ugly set of human circumstances at birth?

McMillan has paid a price for asking this question. Home from a television tour that was not exactly a success, she is still sifting through stacks of newly declassified FBI material ("It only deepens the picture of Oswald's troubles. I don't think it contradicts me.") She has her own quarrels with the FBI, the CIA, and the politics of the inquiry. And she is naturally ambivalent over the book that cost her a decade and a half to produce, only to emerge like the rest of us on a political void.

"Conspiracy theorists should be building a radical movement instead of getting into this crazy stuff," she quips. Asked about her own political involve-

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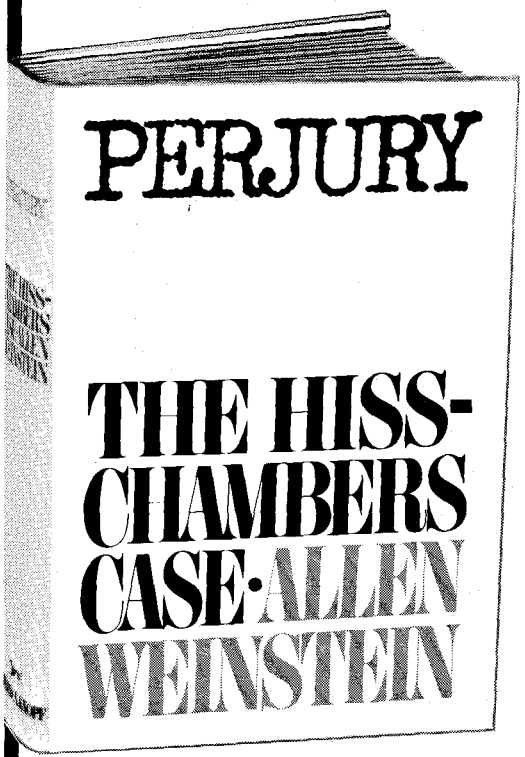

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ment, she offers environmental activism, the psychoanalysis of American government, and smiles—a bit wanly I think. A cold war liberal who crusaded for Stevenson and Kennedy, McMillan has old fashioned values and perhaps too much heart. If we are to get on with the business of governing ourselves, we might start by forgiving our assassins, she suggests. To a public enmeshed in conspiracies, this may be hard to absorb.

Alice van Buren

Alice van Buren is a free-lance writer in Boston.

Alfred Hugenberg: The Radical Nationalist Campaign against the Weimar Republic by John A. Leopold

(Yale University Press; $17.50)

Alfred Hugenberg is forgotten today, but when one January 30, 1933, as the leader of the German Nationalist Party, he became Minister of Economics in Hitler's cabinet both Mussolini and François-Poncet, the French Ambassador to Germany, saw him as the cutting edge of the government. Compared to Hugenberg, Adolf Hitler seemed malleable and ready to compromise. The rise and fall of Alfred Hugenberg in the politics of the German right illustrates the clash of two concepts of political power: Hugenberg's, based upon the coordination of large and wealthy industrial and agrarian interests; and Hitler's, which relied on a mass movement supported by a grassroots rebellion against the capitalist marketplace. While the Nazis presented themselves as a dynamic alternative to both Marxism and finance capitalism, Hugenberg saw himself as the champion of all capitalism and nationalism battling against the left.

Hugenberg's background and personality were formed by a parochial German conservatism. First prominent as a manager of the Krupp industrial enterprises, and then as a spokesman for the Ruhr coal industry, Hugenberg also supported agrarian interests. He felt that tariffs to protect German agriculture must be joined to free enterprise, and both must be part and parcel of the future territorial expansion of Germany. As leader of the conservative German National Party since 1928, he continued to propose a vision of Germany's future which he had first advocated as a pan-German during the First World War. This vision could become reality only through the destruction of the Weimar Republic and the erection of a Hugenberg dictatorship. To serve these ends he became one of Germany's most powerful press moguls, and, in 1927, obtained control over UFA, the largest German film company.

The media Hugenberg acquired for political goals were never supplemented by mass meetings and that liturgy of politics Hitler orchestrated so brilliantly. Even the potential of the UFA was ignored, and filmmaking subordinated to financial profit which, in turn, could be used to finance the German National Party. Hugenberg's idea of propaganda was centered upon the written word, and he never realized that in the postwar crisis politics tended to be defined through visual symbols and mass participation. Still, the German National Party tried to transform an old into a new conservatism in an age of mass politics through the popular use of volkish and racist propaganda. But even here the party fell short of success. It merely mimicked the Nazis.

To be sure, Hugenberg's personality was partly to blame: elderly, in frock coat and tails, he lacked charisma. A modern mass movement needs a charismatic leader who can overcome the differences and ambiguities within his movement by focusing attention on himself as the center of the political liturgy. Instead, Hugenberg polarized his party. This tactic worked well for Hitler, but not for Hugenberg, who was dependent upon the manipulation of economic and political interests in order to unite all German nationalists behind his claim to the German dictatorship.

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Alfred Hugenberg (c. 1930)

Courtesy of The Granger Collection

Could a party dedicated to extra-parliamentary action survive by concentrating upon the usual game of politics? Hugenberg was like many of those republican statesmen whom he professed to despies: manipulators in the corridors of power who were deaf to the noise from outside. Such men had already made their mark before the war, before their political brokerage was challenged from the populace below. Hitler, even if less securely, also knew how to walk the corridors of power, but he opened windows to the outside world and descended into the streets. This book rightly focuses upon Hugenberg's political maneuvers without, however, grappling with the basic problems they involved.

Hugenberg misjudged his main financial supporters, the industrialists and agrarians. By and large they avoided confrontation and sought compromise with those in power, whether they were Republican governments or the Nazis. This book points out that even in 1929, with the Depression hitting hard, neither the Association of German Industry, nor the large land owners were united in waging war against the Weimar Republic. This should lay to rest the myth of the united and anti-republican capitalist front which still haunts modern historians.

While industrialists and agrarians watched and waited, their former champion went to his doom. Hugenberg thought that his power in a conservative cabinet was secure (only three of 11 ministers were Nazis), and that he could manipulate Hitler. Instead, the new Fuhrer called for new elections which sanctioned what he had already accomplished through terror, confrontation tactics, and, above all, through evoking a massive popular enthusiasm which the conservatives could not match. Hugenberg had to enter the Hitler cabinet as his last chance at power; he left it because he saw that he had lost. During the Third Reich he lived in honorable retirement. After the Second World War he was first convicted of collaboration with the Nazis, and then cleared shortly before his death, at the age of 90.

How guilty was Hugenberg? It is one of the great merits of this book that it documents his almost unrelieved political failure, and thus proves that Hugenberg was less important to the rise of the Nazis than his reputation at the time and afterwards warrants. He did collaborate with Hitler to further his own dream of power, and attempted to control him through campaign contributions. While Hugenberg himself was no racist he never protested Hitler's racist policies or, indeed, even those of his own party. During a time when pressure from the street and at the polls was instrumental in determining Germany's future, the very similar propaganda disseminated by brownshirts and the "respectable" National Party may well have constituted a most effective collaboration.

This conservatism was no viable alternative in the crisis which engulfed Germany. It advocated counter-revolution in a revolutionary situation, and it was reactionary when fascism was the order of the day. Hitler knew that revolution and counter-revolution were obsolete terms: his German revolution embraced both—the stability which the economic interests wanted and a revolutionary dynamic directed toward racial and national goals which proved attractive to the young and disaffected. That this book fails to cope with the nature of national socialism is its greatest weakness, for it is against this background that the failure of Hugenberg and his German conservatism has any meaning. The strength of this book is in its detail and documentation. However narrow the focus, it

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provides an example of how a conservatism, based upon the manipulation of economic and political interests, performs in times of crisis when confronted with a fascist dynamic. The only radical nationalist campaign against the Weimar Republic was that waged by the Nazis. The new conservatives proved too old-fashioned after all.

George L. Mosse

George L. Mosse is Bascom Professor of History at the University of Wisconsin.

The Back of the Book

Eccentrics

Whenever skies look grey to me, and trouble begins to brew, I concentrate on *The British Eccentric* (Clarkson N. Potter, Inc., 1975) the gift of a friend who no longer wanted it. My friend, who is discerning and sensible, judged the book only so-so. I, on the other hand, find it a constant source of solace and inspiration, and turn to it as to a favorite uncle—albeit one with his brains removed.

Not that everyone described in the book is equally eccentric. For some reason the editors (Harriet Bridgeman and Elizabeth Drury) include sketches of Thomas de Quincey and Algernon Charles Swinburne, who were no crazier than any writer. De Quincey is called eccentric because he was careless with money, and accepted invitations to parties he never attended. On that basis sanity consists of rich people attending parties—a contention which no one who has ever seen such a thing would support.

I suppose Swinburne could be called eccentric. Anyone who could not write a letter without extolling the virtues of flogging would have to be so called. There's a puzzling item in the essay on Swinburne, however. Swinburne was thrown out of the London Arts Club for dining with one Alfred Bailey "in an insane and indecent manner." How one does this isn't said, but the dinner must have been worth watching. At any rate, Swinburne was no nuttier than most of the Pre-Raphaelites; and my guess is that massive carrot top of his housed more fears than fantasies.

The same cannot be guessed of Lord Berners. Lord Berners (1883-1950) came into his title and fortune because—he said—three of his uncles fell off a bridge at the same time. He devoted his life to special projects, such as erecting a 140 foot tower in his town of Faringdon, "the great point" of which, he announced, was "that it will be entirely useless." Once at a hotel in Greece he suddenly dropped to all fours and started barking at the proprietor because he'd heard the proprietor was a werewolf. Late in life he faked a suicide.

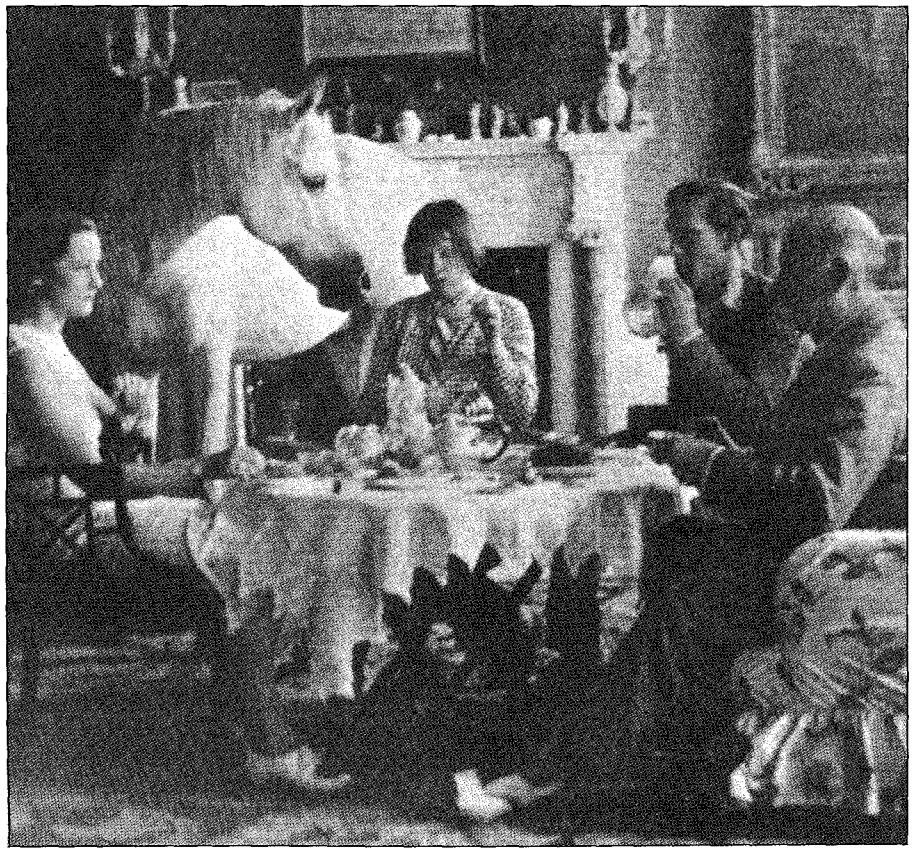
Lord Berners' most picturesque project was to hold a tea at Faringdon House to which he invited Bubbles Radclyffe, Robert Heber-Percy, Penelope Chetwode, and Penelope Chetwode's horse. There's a photograph of the party in the book. Penelope's horse is the second from the left.

An eccentric of a different color was Jack Mytton, the Evel Knievel of his time, which was understandably short (1796-1834). "So extraordinary a hell-raiser was Mytton," writes his biographer, "that to apologize properly for his career would be near impossible."

He started each morning swilling five bottles of port, and on at least two occasions, switched to eau-de-Cologne. It was estimated he spent a half million pounds on drink in 15 years. An examination of his wardrobe revealed 152 pairs of breeches, 700 pairs of boots and slippers, over 1,000 hats, and nearly 3,000 shirts.

What Mytton enjoyed most, though, was risking his life. He became so well known for taking jumps which no sane man would try that a phrase was coined at the time to describe anything too rough to attempt—"It would do for Mytton." He was always getting into fights; he deliberately upset a gig he was riding in because his companion said he'd never been in a crash; once he appeared in his ancestral home at Halston dressed in full hunting costume, riding a bear.

His final act was to set himself on fire



Tea at Lord Berners'

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in order to cure a case of hiccups. At the point of death Mytton exulted: "Well, the hiccup is gone, by God."

The eccentric's eccentric was Sir Tatton Sykes. As soon as he came into his beautiful estate of Sledmere, his first act was to destroy all the gardens. Flowers he considered "nasty, untidy things," and he would make inspection tours of his village, lopping the heads off posies. He also believed that a person should keep his body temperature constant, and would often wear six overcoats at a time, which he would discard, one by one, as his body temperature rose. Sometimes he would wear two pairs of pants, one of which he would peel off at the appropriate moment. This once made a big hit at York Station.

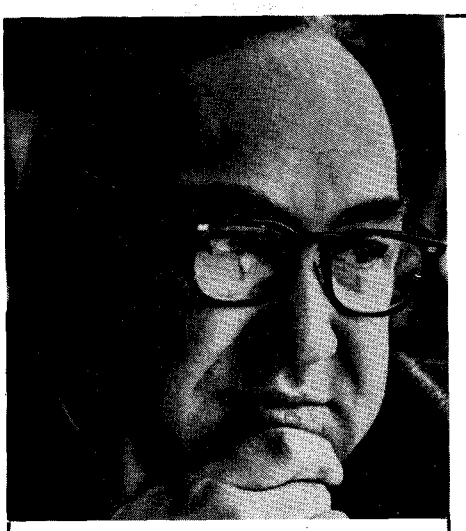
Are there such people around today? I doubt it. For eccentrics to thrive it takes an age that will acknowledge there's such a thing as eccentric behavior. Elton John owns more eyeglasses than Jack Mytton owned breeches, but we take that fact in stride because it's part of his act. The mark of a true eccentric is that he's never acting. When Lord Berners welcomed Miss Chetwode's horse he was living quite comfortably in his own world.

Or maybe not. The line between eccentricity and madness has always been fuzzy. From one point of view it seems a rich nut is called eccentric and a poor one mad—the difference lying in the wherewithal to work out one's lunacies. It's a lot funnier to read of Sir Tatton's escapades, or even Jack Mytton's than it is—say—to watch the wretched lady who stalks Connecticut Avenue at noon, screaming at herself in Bulgarian.

J. S. Mill complained "that so few now dare to be eccentric marks the chief danger of the time." That seems to be overstating the case, but he had one, which applies now. The wonderful virtue of eccentrics is that to them all things are possible; whereas to us, all things are merely probable. As Lord Berners knew, it takes more imagination to pour tea for a horse than to fly to Mars—which is probably what inspired his epitaph:

Here Lies Lord Berners,
One of the learners.
His great love of learning
May earn him a burning.
But praise to the Lord
He never was bored!

Roger Rosenblatt



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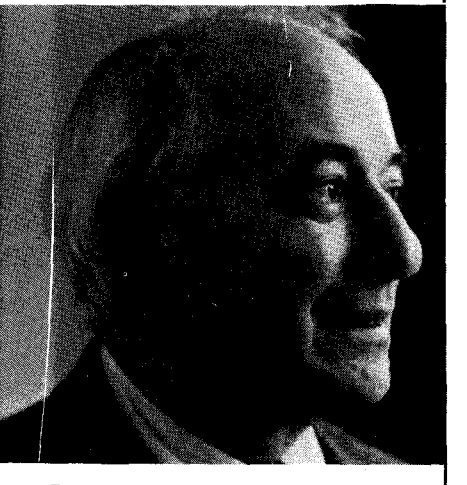

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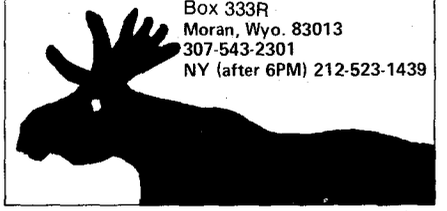

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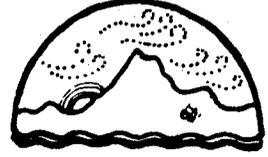

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Israel Diarist

A Cold Compress of Sympathy

George Eliot did not call it Zionism when, in her great Zionist novel, *Daniel Deronda*, she wrote of that "inborn half of memory" which calls the dispersed people back to its own land. The other part of memory, the lived part, is the historical experience of exile. In our time, that inevitably means memory's most devastating moment, the Holocaust—*sui generis* even in the tragic history of the Jews, but a culmination nonetheless. In Israel, too, people are thinking and talking about the Holocaust. They hope that a flawed but apparently riveting television series will help their American friends to understand why the destiny of the Jewish people cannot be trusted to the Western conscience. What the Jews got from "enlightened" world leaders during the Holocaust was, as the Yiddish poet Jacob Glatstin put it, "a cold compress of sympathy." That fact, it always has seemed to me, is almost as stunning as the final solution itself. But, as a very wise historian of modern Germany once suggested, Hitler rightly expected nothing more.

It's not a reflex, and I don't think it's an act of faith. But there is an obligation to remember. So when I'm in Jerusalem, I go to the Yad Vashem, that austere and dignified museum evoking what the Nazis systematically did to the Jews, what the Jews did for themselves and how just about everyone else simply looked on. This time I came across a document which I've previously only seen quoted in books. Reprinted, it was just another datum of indifference. Amid the images of devastation, though, the cool yet squeamish bureaucratic prose reads vividly as more than mere indifference: acquiescence and perhaps even complicity. John J. McCloy—"a fine and gentle person" a mutual friend reassures me—was not yet the unofficial chairman of the American Establishment; he was Assistant Secretary of War when he wrote the letter in question. The US was being implored to bomb the concentration camps and the railroads and bridges leading up to them, in order to halt the death factories. McCloy answered a plea from the War Refugee Board: "The suggested air operation is impracticable . . . and would in any case be of such very doubtful efficacy that it would not amount to a practical project. . . . It would not warrant the use of our resources. There has been considerable opinion to the effect that such an effort, even if practicable, might provoke more vindictive action by the Germans." More vindictive than what? one wonders. McCloy's indifference to the fate of Jews did not end with World War II. Within days of the start of the Yom Kippur war in 1973, he arrived at the White House, top executives of major oil companies in tow, to try to persuade the president not to aid Israel in its most mortal peril.

"Death still celebrates life," insists the Nobel poet Nelly Sachs. In what she calls those "ingeniously devised habitations of death," there stubbornly persisted the dream of a new beginning in the old land. At Yad Mordechai on the edges of the southern desert, and at Lohamai-Ha'gettaot in the north, survivors of the Warsaw ghetto, those once "outcasts," to use Miss Sach's imagery again,

> *. . . tore out of the sand*
> *the buried rays*
> *of eternity.*

It is 35 years this week since the captive Jews of Warsaw rose against their tormentors. Without the memory of that doomed rising, would the survivors have had the spirit to defy enemies and nature to start again? My oldest daughter has been reading John Hersey's *The Wall* (1950), which moved me when I read it as a child. A few years ago, after a visit to Israel, Hersey wrote in *The New Yorker* of the children of the heroic remnant who founded these kibbutzim: "these young people seem to lead normal lives, whatever a normal life actually means. They do not quite share the nightmares of their elders, but they live with siege themselves. And amidst the lush vegetation that has during the generation been forced out of the desolate dunams of Palestine, they painstakingly care for a museum to preserve something of their collective past otherwise snuffed out behind the high walls of Warsaw."

People with a sorrowful history may take to stringed instruments because these can be made to express sorrow as winds and percussion cannot. Israel is now a great world center of chamber music, made that way by its talented sons Pinkhas Zuckerman, Itzhak Perlman, Daniel Barenboim and Gary Bertini, and by the constant American visitor, Isaac Stern. Now Rudolph Barshai, whose emigration from Moscow to Israel is another indictment of the character of Soviet life, will bring strength to strength. Just last week I heard Zuckerman conduct the Israel Philharmonic in Vivaldi's violin concertos and Mendelssohn's playful Italian Symphony. Playing good music well is not magic, but skill and passion. The Israeli public shares this passion. Menachem Begin wanted to mark the 30th anniversary of Israel's independence with a great military parade. His own cabinet wouldn't permit him to do that. The national celebrations will be in music, more in keeping with Israel's spiritual vocation. The most notable event will be below Mount Zion and the walls of Jerusalem in a natural canyon used in antiquity for baths—a testament to Mayor Teddy Kollek's flair and imagination. Barenboim will conduct, Rostropovich (one other reproach to the Soviet system) will play, Leontyne Price will sing.

Gallows humor, Israeli style: Three architects meet in the afterlife. One says, "I built St. Peter's for a prayer." Another says, "I built the Paris Opera for a song." The last says, "I built the United Nations for nothing." In Lebanon the UN faces one of its most severe tests. Will UN forces be able to keep the PLO from resuming its passion for killing on Israel's northern borders? If UN forces can't, or if—which also seems possible—they won't, will people stop talking about the UN as a guarantor of peace? Probably not.

One friend counsels me to seek for this Diary universal meaning in the Holocaust. I resist his advice. The plan to exterminate the Jewish people knows no parallel. What was destroyed—particular lives, particular cultures, particular customs—never will be restored. The cabal that would destroy Israel *is* universal, or nearly so. And that leads me back to my apprehension that the crazed impulse that fueled the Holocaust has not passed. And when the occasion arises, someone might conclude that the defense of Israel is not a practicable project. It might be of dubious efficacy. It might not warrant the use of our resources. It might provoke more vindictive action by the Arabs.

M.P.

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HOW TO REDUCE RUST

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Spring is a perfect time to do something about rust.

Rusting is a year-round problem, and corrosive conditions have become a lot worse in the last five years.

If you live where salt is used to melt ice on the roads, that is speeding up corrosion on your car. If you live in the country, it's the calcium chloride that's spread on dirt roads to hold down dust. And corrosive chemicals in the air are causing rust in every part of America.

We're doing something to help prevent rust on the new cars we're building. Meanwhile, you can do something about reducing rust on your car.

It's important to wash your car often. Use a mild soap and lukewarm or cold water.

Please don't neglect the underside of your car. The worst rusting happens from the inside out. That's because salt, slush, and even mud tend to collect in the crevices underneath the car, in the door creases, and inside the fenders. Moisture gets trapped in those places and causes rust. So try to wash the underside of your car, too. In winter, if you can, and at the first opportunity in spring. Even if it's only a few times a year, that would help some.

If your car gets dented, scratched, or chipped, try to get it repaired as soon as possible. Even a "small" scratch is bad. Because once a car starts to rust, the damage spreads fast. The paint around a dent or scratch can look okay, but rust is spreading underneath. In the long run, it's cheaper to fix the car right away.

A lot of people think that parking a car in a heated garage during the winter will help prevent rust. But it's just the opposite. Cold slows down the rusting process, as it does most chemical reactions.

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